



No. 440.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS CORALIE BLYTHE AS WRENNE,  
 THE SKITTISH LITTLE DAUGHTER OF SAMUEL TWANKS, IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.  
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Stafford House Fête—The County Bazaar—M. Fournier's Victory in the Paris-Berlin Automobile Race.*

A GREAT London mansion, lighted and decorated as if for the reception of Royalty, is a stately and splendid sight, and, if all the Crowned Heads of Europe had announced their intention to honour Stafford House with their presence on the evening of last Wednesday, Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland could not have decked and lighted the great palace which looks on to the Mall and Green Park more superbly than she did to welcome her guests who brought guineas to the Lifeboat Fund. In the hall there were great jardinières filled with roses, which filled the air with their scent.

The palace was full of light. The State Drawing-room, with its wonderful furniture, shone as it did when Harriet Duchess of Sutherland first disclosed its beauties to the world of Society on the occasion of the Coronation of Queen Victoria; the golden chandeliers and giant candelabra of the Banqueting Room and Picture Gallery set a myriad reflections of light twinkling in the polished floor and on the carved frames of Murillo's noble pictures and Vandyck's portraits.

The famous magnificent Hall and its matchless staircase, which seems to embrace with its gilded tracery the pillared walls, were aglow with soft radiance; and out in the garden long strings of Japanese lanterns, brilliant with the colours of all the jewels, swayed gently to the night wind; thickets and banks, flower-beds and rose-arches, were tricked out with thousands of little lamps, which twinkled in patterns and mottoes and designs of lighthouses and lifeboats, and above the dark masses of the trees the moon rose majestically and lent its silver witchery to mass into mysterious light and shade the velvet stretches of turf.

Not in the Faubourg St. Germain, not in the villas the grounds of which edge the Pincian Hill, nor by the Prater, nor near the Lindens of Berlin, is the palace of a great noble to be found which can match in its Reception Hall the splendid space that is the core of Stafford House; and on the landing, whence the first flight of stairs mounts in majestic breadth before it splits in twain and lightly scales the walls, a galaxy of great ladies, in all their bravery of diamonds and dresses of ceremony, stood to give informal reception to the stream of guests.

Scores of aristocratic damsels in white with the badge of the broad blue ribbon of the Charity across their dresses sold the souvenirs; and, each with her rosette of Garter-blue, there stood for a while with the Duchess of Sutherland a circle of *grandes dames* of the bluest blood. But I must leave it to fair collaborateurs on other pages to do justice to the lovely gowns worn.

The great County Bazaar held at Earl's Court during the last three days of the past week, for the benefit of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra's Fund for aiding the families of soldiers and sailors, was a triumphant success in every way, and I am delighted that such excellent results have been obtained, for no more noble, no more needed, work of charity was ever set on foot than that carried on by the Association. The authorities of the Military Exhibition gave over the Imperial Gardens, the great oval in the centre of the grounds, to the organisers of the Fête for the three days, and in the seventy stalls, which fronted on one side the gravel and the flower-plots, and on the other the broad-roofed arcade, a very lively business was done by the aristocratic saleswomen. There was, first, the Book of the Bazaar, which gave all particulars as to the Charity and the stalls and stall-holders, to be bought from one of the many charming ladies of the dramatic profession who offered to all comers, and then no lady nor man could pass the Duchess of Devonshire's stall, heaped with splendours of flower and fruit from Chatsworth, without pausing to make a purchase. In the Flintshire stall were wonderful bargains of old furniture; Buckinghamshire set out for sale jars of delightful cream and cool slabs of butter; Surrey made a fine show of pottery; Norfolk's counters were heaped high with cases of cider; Glamorganshire showed an army of Welsh dolls; Hampshire bade the purchaser look at tiny book-stalls and artistic statuettes; India's shining brass arrested attention; Ireland displayed lace as fine as spider-webs, and everywhere by the stalls and in the circling crowds you saw exquisitely dressed ladies and beautiful children. The prettiest of picture-hats were sold at the radiant stall of the Maison de Cram. Many little dogs with begging-cans and baskets were led about by their mistresses, and a mere cat, a tiny pet brought from South Africa by the returning Yeomanry, begged for and obtained my last half-crown.

The inevitable result of the great automobile race from Paris to Berlin will be the regulation of the motor-car pace in accordance with the sensible decision of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, who, moved by the fatal accidents occasioned by the great rate of speed attained in that contest, declared that the twenty-miles-an-hour limitation must be adhered to in future. M. Fournier was hugely cheered when he rode his Mors car first into Berlin at 11.45 a.m. on Saturday last—the identical car in which he won the Paris-Bordeaux race. We all learnt with regret that Mr. Edge's British-built car came to grief early in the race, but noted with interest that the Hon. Charles Rolls, Mr. Jarrott, and Mr. Harry Farman pluckily persevered to the end. I may briefly add that M. Girardot reached Berlin second at 12.15, with his Panhard car (No. 6); M. Brasier third (12.33), with a Mors (16); and M. de Knyff fourth at 12.34 (though I believe the order of the last two was reversed).

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Sheriffs and Heralds—Needless Street-Blocking—Mistaken Identity—Incandescence Underground—Where Electricity is to be Made—A New Record—The Navy and the Bat—Foreigners and the "Grand"—An English Penny Ice.*

IT was a bit of a surprise on Friday last to find the streets between St. James's Palace and the City blocked in the morning. There were plenty of police lining the streets, but nobody seemed to know what was going on. The general idea was that the King was going to pay a surprise visit to the Mansion House, but what for no one had the slightest notion. It turned out to be only the Sheriffs and Heralds who were reading the King's Proclamation about his Coronation next year at the usual places in the West-End and City, accompanied by trumpeters and Life Guards, who made a magnificent show.

My admiration of the Police is unbounded. But I cannot see what need there was to stop the traffic all along the Strand and Ludgate Hill in the busiest hours of the morning. It was very exciting to see a dozen elderly gentlemen in cocked-hats and gorgeous tabards driving by, and, as I had never got such a good look at them before, I was so much the better for it; but, surely, all that was needed was to keep a clear passage for the procession, which, after all, might just as well have gone along the Embankment. When the King, as Prince of Wales, went to the City a year or two ago, all that was cleared for him was a third of the Embankment, and that would have been enough last Friday.

This Lillywhite-Blatch affair is the queerest and stupidest blunder I ever came across. This sort of thing comes home to all of us. If a man can be arrested in New Zealand because a woman thinks he is just like a man she knew years ago in England who committed a murder, we are none of us safe. "The Man in the Street" has often been addressed by total strangers who could hardly be persuaded that they had not been with him in some regiment or other years ago. Happily, the people for whom he was mistaken must have been of good character, or "The Man in the Street" might have found himself one fine day arrested for some scamp and hurried off to some *dépôt* or other.

"The Man in the Street" is looking forward to the great things promised on the District Railway when electricity comes to be used. They have made a modest start by way of improvement underground in giving us incandescent gas at Westminster Station. It will do no harm to introduce the light into all the stations to relieve the gloom.

I am glad to hear that the site for the electric manufactory on the District Railway has been selected, because that looks like business. Everybody knows the triangular piece of ground between Earl's Court, High Street, and Gloucester Road which has hitherto been waste, and has only been famous for its wild flowers, which are brought into London from the country by the birds. That is where the plant for generating the electricity which is to work the new motors is to be placed, and no better situation could have been hit upon. But, so far, my old friends the wild flowers do not appear to have been disturbed.

There was a new record created in the cricket-field last week. This is rather a difficult job to accomplish nowadays, but, after the example of Notts, no one need despair. The record in question, however, was something quite new, and one that can never be beaten, for it was nothing less than the first appearance of the Navy in London. A week ago to-day, the Navy played the Gentlemen of the M.C.C. in a one-innings match, and, although they were beaten, they did not do so badly. Naval men play a good deal abroad, but this was the first appearance of the Navy at Lord's.

The Navy were really beaten by A. J. Webbe and R. H. Johnston, who scored between them 216 out of a total of 340 for eight wickets, while the twelve Lieutenants put together 204 at their first attempt. Lieutenant R. D. White scored 57, and showed good form, but the other officers did nothing wonderful. I hear that a better eleven could be got together in the Navy, but, at any rate, here are congratulations to those who played, and I hope we shall hear of the Navy again at cricket.

Henley begins to-day, and there is a good deal of interest being shown in the Grand Challenge Cup, for which some foreign crews have entered. The University of Pennsylvania means to try to carry off the trophy, and the Belgians of the Club Nautique de Ghent have also entered. But Leander are undoubtedly the best crew, though over such a tricky course the race is always more or less open. But the Grand has never yet been won by a foreign crew, though, of course, the Pennsylvanians cannot be included in that category.

As a rule, when we hear of any innovation in trade or business nowadays, it is the foreigner who, we are told, is stepping in to take away our business from us, so it is a pleasant change to learn that an English company is to take up the penny-ice business and to cut out the Saffron Hill Italians, whose wares have long been subject to criticism. Ices are a small matter, but it is a step in the right direction. It is but fair, however, to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude Londoners owe such popular caterers as Gatti and Azario and the "Italie."



THE GRAND FÊTE IN AID OF THE ROYAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION,  
HELD AT STAFFORD HOUSE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

## SPLENDID SCRIPTURAL DRAWINGS.

**A**N artistic enterprise of a unique character is that on which the Illustrated Bible Company has embarked in commissioning a brilliant group, comprising several of the most prominent painters of this and other countries, to illustrate the Holy Scriptures. The results of their efforts are now on view

AT THE HOLLAND GALLERY,

Grafton Street, Bond Street, together with a number of admirable reproductions of the works. These are to embellish the new "Illustrated Bible," which, with the many decorative adornments that have been prepared for it by Mr. Walter Crane, its exceptionally fine printing and paper, and generally elaborate finish, will undoubtedly form the most magnificent and at the same time the

MOST ARTISTIC EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURES

that has yet been produced.

Visitors will, no doubt, be forcibly struck, and perhaps a little bewildered at first, by the great diversity of the works. This is the more noticeable since it has generally been customary to preserve a similarity of treatment throughout the Illustrations of the Bible, and, indeed, also of most other books. One cannot deny that such homogeneity has its advantages; yet the truth is that it is very apt to degenerate into monotony, for in so vast and taxing a work as the illustration of the Bible no single artist can be expected to maintain a uniform vigour and freshness of inspiration, while a group of artists, cramped by limitations of style, would be very unlikely to do themselves justice. The sacrifice of the effect that might have been gained by a similarity of conception throughout, in order to give free scope to the



JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

"And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him."  
GENESIS xlii. 8.

Drawn by James Tissot.

REDUCED COPIES OF TWO OF THE SCRIPTURAL PICTURES FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE."

varying styles of the distinguished artists engaged, may therefore be regarded as a bold and highly interesting experiment, and it will probably be conceded that what has been lost in uniformity has been more than gained in the force and conviction and the unfettered play of imagination that distinguish the exhibition as a whole. Moreover, so many different modes of presenting the familiar scenes of the Holy Writ are well calculated to charm away fatigue, especially as something fresh and stimulating presents itself at every turn. It is a melancholy reflection that the first places in this brilliant company are occupied by two artists who have passed away.

SIR E. BURNE-JONES AND PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

were exceptionally qualified for Biblical illustration, since they were amongst the few who have been able to convey the exalted spirit and simplicity of expression that characterised the fourteenth century into modern art. In his illustration of "Christ's Burial," Burne-Jones has presented a most touching picture, full of devotional sentiment, and also marked by the harmonious feeling for decoration that was one of his most valued qualities. His power of drawing is emphasised by the suggestion of lifelessness in

THE FIGURE OF CHRIST,

in contrast with the tense movement and tender solicitude of His bearers. Puvis de Chavannes' "Jesus Scourged" is another fine example of purely religious art. The treatment manifests individuality, strength, and simplicity; the figure of the Saviour is depicted with reverent sympathy, and admiration is elicited by the movement of the men who are applying the scourge. This will rank with the artist's most powerful and impressive works. Next to the achievements of these Masters, a place must be accorded to the works of

MR. WALTER CRANE,

who is unsurpassed as an exponent of the beauty of line, and has seldom reached a higher standard in this direction than in "The Serpent Deceiveth Eve." Here the graceful contours of the female form are

harmonised with the serpentine movements of the Tempter and the shape of the Tree to produce a decorative composition of the most delightful character. Other notable works of his are "The Building of the Ark" and "The Flood," which last subject is treated with remarkable originality and spirit.

Much interest attaches to the drawings of

THE ITALIAN ARTIST, MORELLI,

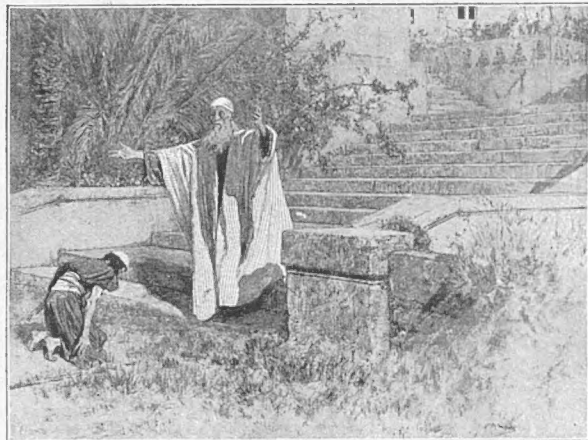
for they abound in poetry and ideality, and have also a charm due to his extreme delicacy of handling. One of the most fascinating examples illustrates the text, "Nor awake my love," from the Song of Solomon; but perhaps a higher artistic level is reached in the drawing, "Herod Mocketh Jesus," with its dignified conception of the Saviour in front and the mocking figures taking their places in the distance, while the feeling of space that pervades the composition is such that one is convinced of the possibility of walking far into the background. Another excellent design by this artist is "The Prodigal Son," which gives a sensation of the heat and light of the East, and depicts in touching fashion the eagerness of the parent to embrace his erring child. Among the fine drawings contributed by

M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

(whose grand painting of the late Queen is the most attractive picture at the Academy this year), none make a more forcible appeal than "Jesus in the Temple with the Doctors," for the youthful Christ is most engagingly portrayed, and his purity and innocence are emphasised by the contrast with the aged disputants. The venerable painter,

JOSEF ISRAËLS,

is well represented in "David Quieteth the Evil Spirit of Saul." The Monarch is realised with much character and force, and the youthful



THE PRODIGAL SON.

"And . . . his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—ST. LUKE xv. 20.

Drawn by Domenico Morelli.

harpist, whose eyes wander over the extensive landscape as he plays, forms a charming figure.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.,

in "The Arrow of the Lord's Deliverance," gives a stalwart and powerful presentation of the archer; the Russian artist, Répin, depicts David and the Giant with breadth and effect; and

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.,

displays a poetical imagination in illustrating the text, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The designs of Segantini command attention by a suggestion of mystery, which is especially to be remarked in "The Scapegoat." The subject of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" affords Mr. J. M. Swan an opportunity to exemplify his well-known force and accuracy in the portrayal of animals. Some works by

M. TISSOT

are noteworthy as the outcome of a long and conscientious study of Palestine and its characteristic scenes and figures.

MR. ABBEY'S CONTRIBUTIONS

include a striking representation of Jael after killing Sisera, and other works equally marked by conviction and imagination. Gérôme is represented by several forcible compositions. Sir L. Alma-Tadema depicts "The Death of the Firstborn," Mr. Laurens cleverly illustrates the story of "Jephthah's Daughter" and other scenes, and there is much more that will captivate the attention of visitors.

THIS REMARKABLE EXHIBITION

should on no account be missed, for, assuredly, such a collection of black-and-white drawings has never been brought together before. No less than £18,000 has been expended in this extraordinary undertaking, and the Folio Bible in which the Photogravures from these masterly Drawings and Paintings are to be enshrined will be issued for £15 15s. by *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, 198, Strand.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The Queen of the Belgians has suggested to the Directors of the Casino at Spa, who organise the season's amusements for the town, to give in the fine park on the 14th of the present month (July) a competition of parasols and sunshades fancifully decorated with laces, flowers, and jewels. The Queen herself will be a competitor, and there will be several classes of prizes. This is rather a new idea, and will doubtless attract the feminine world of fashion. There will be a great Battle of Flowers in August, with a carnival fête to be given on an extensive scale.

THE JUDGE AND THE JUNIOR.

This is the story of a Judge and a Junior. The great man and the little man both lived in the neighbourhood of a certain small town not so very far from London, but the Judge never took any notice of the minor limb of the law, though he knew him perfectly well in Court. The Junior bided his time. He was well aware that the Judge always walked from the station to the house when it was fine, or, when rain was falling, engaged the only cab which met the trains. The Junior engaged this vehicle for a month on the chance of damp, and in a few days he was rewarded. It was a pouring evening when the Judge alighted from the train and loftily hailed the cab. "Engaged, my Lord!" shouted the Jehu. The Junior hopped into the four-wheeler, and, sad to relate, left his Lordship to tramp to his domicile. It was un-Christianlike, but it was human nature. Since then the Judge's carriage has always been on hand.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

DAY SERVICE, LONDON TO INVERNESS—											
London (Euston)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	dep.	10+5 a.m.
Inverness	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	arr.	11.25 p.m.
CORRIDOR TRAINS WITH LUNCHEON, TEA, AND DINING CARS, FROM EUSTON AT 10 A.M., 11.30 A.M., AND 2 P.M., FOR EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.											
† Leaves at 10 a.m. in September.											
London (Euston)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Edinburgh (Princes Street) arr.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Glasgow (Central)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Greenock	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Gourock	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Oban	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Perth	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Inverness—via Dunkeld	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Dundee	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Aberdeen	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ballater	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Inverness—via Aberdeen	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

\* On Saturday nights the 9 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked \* (Sunday mornings in Scotland).  
A—Runs during July and August only.  
B—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.  
C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 23 to Aug. 10. This Train will not run on Saturday nights.  
D—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).  
E—During September only.  
F—Arrives Inverness 9.10 a.m. from July 1 to 13 and after Sept. 13.  
G—Passengers for Inverness and Aberdeen must leave London by the 9 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those Stations on that night.  
A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m. from July 15 to Aug. 9. Saturday and Sunday nights and Friday night, Aug. 2 excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train. For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.  
FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N.-W. Railway.  
R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.  
July 1901.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

GEORGE MOORE'S GREAT NOVEL,  
SISTER TERESA, will be published on July 8, in Unwin's Green Cloth Library; and a Sixpenny Edition of EVELYN INNES, by the same Author, will be ready on the same day.  
By PAUL BOURGET. THE DISCIPLE. 6s.  
By GWENDOLEN PRYCE. JOHN JONES, CURATE. 6s.  
By J. L. LAMBE. BY COMMAND OF THE PRINCE. 6s.  
By W. BARRY. THE WIZARD'S KNOT. 6s.  
By AMELIA E. BARR. THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE. 6s.  
By ALLAN McAULAY. BLACK MARY. 6s.  
By MARY E. MANN. AMONG THE SYRINGAS. 6s.  
By IRVING BACHELLER. EBEN HOLDEN. 6d.  
By ROBERT BUCHANAN. EFFIE HETHERINGTON. 6d.  
By LOUIS BECKE. TESSA. THE TRADER'S WIFE. 2s. 6d.  
By HENRY WILLARD FRENCH. DESMONDE, M.D. 2s. 6d.  
By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD WICKENHAM. Cloth, 2s. Paper, 1s.  
By BARRY PAIN. ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. Cloth, 2s. Paper, 1s.  
By ?. THE LETTERS OF HER MOTHER TO ELIZABETH. Cloth, 2s. Paper, 1s.  
London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

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H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, and C. de LACY.

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QUEEN VICTORIA	Justin McCarthy.
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THE LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA	George Saintsbury.
RELIGION IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	Dean Farrar.
SCIENCE IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	Edward Clodd.
THE STAGE OF THE VICTORIAN ERA	Sir Henry Irving.
THE NAVY IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	W. Laird Clowes.
THE ARMY IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	Major Arthur Griffiths.
TRAVEL IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	F. C. Selous.
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EDUCATION IN THE VICTORIAN ERA	W. Haig-Brown, LL.D.
THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF THE VICTORIAN ERA	C. de Thierry

THIS MAGNIFICENT RECORD  
ALSO INCLUDES AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE LIFE AND ACCESSION OF EDWARD VII.,  
By Edward Dicey, C.B.,  
AND  
THE LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA,  
By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

The entire Edition has now been printed, and the Plates will be destroyed.

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EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.  
ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM  
LONDON (KING'S CROSS),  
JULY, 1901, SERVICE.

	A	A	A	A	A	B	C	DE	F	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	10 10	10 10	11 20	2 20	7 45	8 15	8 45	11 20	11 30
Edinburgh ... arr.	3 10	6 15	6 25	7 45	10 45	3 30	4 0	5 55	7 15	7 15
Glasgow ...	5 15	7 50	...	9 55	...	...	5 35	7 23	8 50	10 43
Craigendran ...	5 29	9 7	...	11 44	...	...	7 27	8 38	10 7	...
Callander ...	6 8	9 0	...	12 20	...	...	...	8 52	10 55	...
Oban ...	9 5	...	...	4 45	...	...	...	11 55	2 5	...
Fort William ...	9 30	...	...	...	...	...	9 36	11 55	5 38	...
Mallaig ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11 20	2 3	...	...
Perth ...	6 20	7 52	...	10 32	...	4 40	5 14	8 55	8 55	8 40
Dunkeld ...	7 54	8 40	...	1 26	...	...	6 9	10 7	10 7	9 18
Dundee ...	6 15	8 10	...	10 51	...	...	5 28	8 34	9 5	9 15
Aberdeen ...	8 40	10 5	...	12 50	...	...	7 20	...	11 10	11 20
Ballater ...	...	...	...	8 55	...	...	9 45	2 0	2 0	...
Inverness ...	...	11 25	...	5 10	...	8 35	9 10	1 50	1 50	1 30

A. On week-days only.  
B. From July 22 to Aug. 9 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.  
C. Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays.  
D. Week-days and Sundays.  
E. Not run to Craigendran Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, Mallaig, Dundee, or Ballater on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.30 a.m., Perth 8.40, Dunkeld 9.18, Inverness 1.30 on Sundays.  
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King's Cross, June 1901.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King's Busy Week.*

His Majesty had a very busy time last week, but it was preceded by some days of pleasant rest at Sandringham, spent in the company of the Queen and his grandchildren and a few chosen friends. King Edward has become quite a convert to the newest form of locomotion, and drove from his Norfolk home to Wolferton Station in his splendid motor-car. On the day following that of his return to town, the King inspected at Marlborough House the Yeomen of the Guard, and gave medals to the gallant 2nd Central African Regiment from Ashanti. A touching little episode took place when the Sovereign bestowed the medal of the Royal Victorian Order on the oldest Yeoman present and on the only member of the Bodyguard who possesses the Victoria Cross. Apropos of the gallant Yeomen of the Guard, it is thought that they will be especially prominent at the Coronation. Obviously their beautiful Tudor costumes would provide a delightful note of colour. The Privy Council held on Wednesday last was a full-dress function, and attended by many noteworthy and trusted servants of His Majesty. On Thursday morning King Edward received once more the members of the Moorish Embassy. Her Majesty rejoined the King at Marlborough House on the afternoon of the same day.

*The Royal Tour. Charming Christchurch.*

Of the many centres of Colonial loyalty visited by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, Christchurch must have struck them as peculiarly English. It prides itself on the beauty of its buildings, especially of those devoted to public worship, and at the great Review held by the Duke of Cornwall and York the Church militant was very much in evidence, for Christchurch is as proud of its clergy as its clergy are of Christchurch. On leaving the ecclesiastical city, their Royal Highnesses enjoyed a particularly pleasant railway journey, and caught a glimpse of the wonderful Kaikoura Mountains, whose snow-clad peaks glistened in the brilliant sunlight.

Dunedin, which is, as its name implies, thoroughly Scottish in appearance and sentiment, gave the Royal pair a rousing welcome, every house being illuminated in their honour. The Duke paid many well-deserved compliments to the Scottish force of character—some call it "canniness"—which makes our brethren from across the Tweed such excellent Colonists, and His Royal Highness alluded in one of his speeches in graceful terms to the fact that Dunedin stands unique in having sent so many of her fair daughters to tend the sick and wounded in South Africa. A day or two later, the Duke and Duchess bade farewell to New Zealand, and left Wellington in the *Ophir* for Hobart.

*Gowns and Jewels at Stafford House.*

Last Wednesday, the Duchess of Sutherland and the group of her friends who assisted her at the magnificent festival in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution did honour to the occasion by donning their most charming frocks and jewels. The beautiful mistress of Stafford House looked more like a bride than the mother of a schoolboy son, for her gown of white chiffon over white satin appeared almost curiously plain compared with some of the gorgeous garments scintillating about her. Splendid, however, in the extreme were her gorgeous jewels, including the high tiara, which would be noticeable even were the wearer less divinely tall and less divinely fair. The Duchess of Marlborough wore one of the thickly sequined black frocks which have nowadays become a kind of uniform, so many women including at least one such dress both in their summer and in their winter wardrobes. In honour of the occasion, the young Duchess also wore the famous Vanderbilt pearls, some of which are said to be as large as hazel-nuts, and which took even her millionaire father years to collect. There were, of course, innumerable "magpie" costumes, particularly successful being that worn by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, whom many of her friends still persist in calling Lady Randolph Churchill.

*The Other Duchesses.*

The Duchess of Portland, who, though very tall, is almost as dark as her Grace of Sutherland is fair, was in a diaphanous gown of black tulle, and, in spite of the fact that she wore a splendid diamond tiara and necklace, conveyed a far more "mourning" impression than did the costumes of many of her friends. The Duchess of Montrose, for instance, though wearing a black satin gown, had as bodice-trimming a wide berthe of white tulle strapped down with gleaming jet; and the Duchess of Devonshire, also all in black, yet had a touch of colour among her gleaming jewels, which included an immensely long diamond chain.

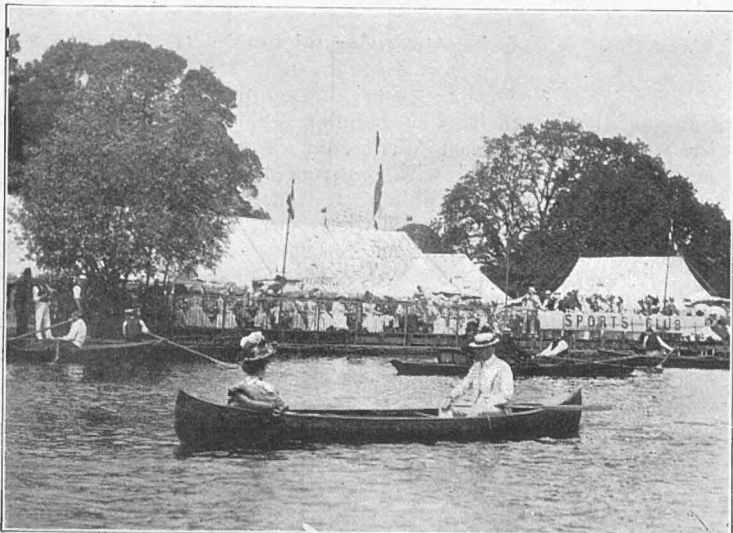
Innumerable white frocks were worn, and afforded a pleasant relief to the eye after the sombre black

affected by most of the older women present. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, to whom most of the success of the whole affair was due, wore white lace over chiffon, and each of the programme-sellers, which included a group of the best-looking girls in Society, appeared clothed entirely in white, a quaint touch being, however, given to their costumes by the blue ribbon rosettes which marked them out as having an official connection with the fête. The lovely Irish Countess Annesley had lightened her white satin gown with long trails of Parma violets, and some of the best-dressed women wore wreaths in their hair, thus



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, GRACIOUS HOSTESS AT THE BRILLIANT STAFFORD HOUSE LIFEBOAT FÊTE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



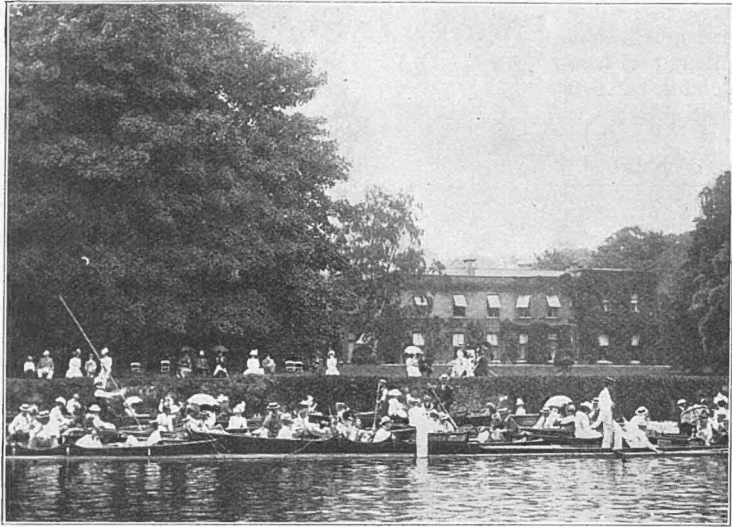
AT HENLEY REGATTA: THE SPORTS CLUB LAWN.



AT HENLEY REGATTA: THE ISTHMIAN CLUB LAWN.

returning to the pretty old fashion which suits those whom it does suit as nothing else can do. The heroine of Mafeking, Lady Sarah Wilson, was also in white, a rope of diamonds twisted in her hair forming a welcome change after the almost universal tiara.

The Duchess of Sutherland's little daughter, Lady Marjorie Leveson-Gower, and the latter's cousin, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who bids fair



AT HENLEY REGATTA: PHILLIS COURT.

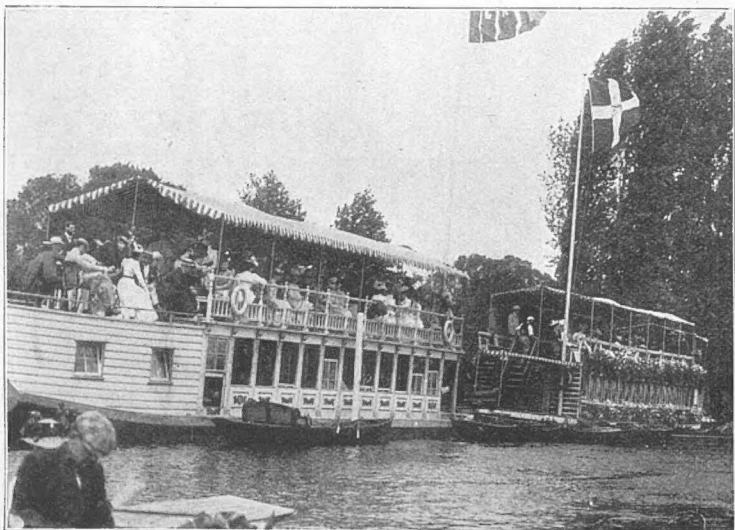
in time to be as pretty as her mother and as her aunt, Lady Warwick, probably enjoyed the Fête more than did some of the grown-ups. It was their privilege to sell tiny nosegays and buttonholes for the benefit of the Lifeboat Fund, and it is said that they obtained some record prices. Langfieri's half-a-guinea Souvenir, abounding with views of Stafford House, and apropos portraits, must have realised a thousand pounds, and its continued sale will help still more the Lifeboat cause.

#### Date of the Coronation Fixed!

As *The Sketch* was one of the first to announce, the Coronation of King Edward VII. will take place next June, and there is an impression that His Majesty will choose that day in the month of roses so long known to his loyal people as Coronation Day. It is also definitely decided that the many quaint ceremonies connected in ancient Coronations with Westminster Hall will not take place. The formal Proclamation last Friday morning, June 28, excited much interest in London.

#### The Counties and their Beauties.

Earl's Court was *en fête* the last three days of the week, for the Great County Sale drew to the Pleasure Gardens of the Military Exhibition a record attendance of smart folk, who came to see the innumerable pretty women whose pleasant duty it was to represent their county at one or other of the gaily decorated stalls. Some of the onlookers considered that the Irish stall carried off the palm for beauty, but the Perthshire contingent, which included Georgina Lady Dudley, Lady Wolverton, Mrs. Willie James (who surely should have been at the Sussex stall), and, among the unmarried group, Lady Mabel Crichton and Lady Helen Stewart, ran it very hard. The ladies of Denbighshire, ably assisted by Lady Grizel Cochrane, Miss Madeleine Stanley, and Lady Edith Montgomerie, hit on the practical idea of selling sticks, umbrellas, and parasols. Most alert and popular of buyers proved the Duke of Cambridge, who, after formally declaring the Sale open on the first day, made many purchases at the various stalls.



AT HENLEY REGATTA: THE COLLEGE BARGES.

#### Happy Henley.

Henley promises to be exceptionally brilliant this year, especially that now the warm weather seems to have really come for good. To begin with, there are fifty-two house-boats lining the course, as against the meagre thirty of last year, and boating-men are taking a very natural interest in the American crew, who hope to lick, if not Creation, at least the next best thing—the British rowing-man on his own stately Father Thames.

#### A "Magpie" Henley?

The flower-hung house-boats and boating cushions heaped up in the trim little canoes and other craft hoping for boat-loads of pretty girls will form a bright background to what is sure to be a "magpie"—that is, a black-and-white—Henley. Black coats and skirts will replace the usual navy-blue gowns, and on the lawns lining one portion of the famous course many white, cream, and grey garden-party frocks, some of which made their debut at Ascot, will make conspicuous the few wearers of really coloured costumes. One of the most comfortable Henley enclosures, by the way, is that of the Tiffin Club, which will also look after you at Goodwood.

#### Record Life of the Queen.

A sumptuously illustrated Life of Her late Majesty, the "Record Number of Queen Victoria's Reign," has been crowned with success. With its numerous India Proof Photogravures and richly illuminated articles by eminent writers on the religious, military, parliamentary, artistic, and literary phases of the Queen's glorious reign, its popularity is well merited. It is, in fine, one of the greatest triumphs of *The Illustrated London News*, and entitles its Editor, Mr. Bruce S. Ingram, and colleagues to the greatest credit.

#### Masons' Golden Charity.

It spoke volumes for the bountiful charity of Freemasons that so magnificent a sum should have been contributed to the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at the annual banquet, which the Right Hon. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Hampshire, presided over



AT HENLEY REGATTA: GUESTS FOR THE HOUSE-BOATS.

most ably at the Crystal Palace last Wednesday. The zealous Secretary Bro. J. Morrison McLeod, announced with justifiable pride and with clarion voice the largest subscription but one of any ordinary festival—£23,020. The next great Masonic event will be the installation at the Albert Hall on the 17th inst. of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as M.W. Grand Master, in place of the King, who remains Chief Patron of this philanthropic craft, and is expected to honour the occasion with his presence. So mote it be!

#### £6088 for Printers' Pensions.

I beg to congratulate Mr. G. T. McCorquodale, Trustee of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, upon the result of his advocacy of this invaluable Charity in presiding over the annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole last Wednesday night. Sunshine into many a drooping heart is poured with generous hands by the kind-hearted administrators of this serviceable institution, which was enriched by the handsome sum of £6088. It is a wisely governed Charity we should all cheerfully contribute our mites to.

#### A Marvellous New Bible.

Hasten to the Holland Fine Art Gallery in Grafton Street to admire the beautiful collection of Scriptural Paintings and Drawings by Alma-Tadema and Abbey, Benjamin-Constant and Tissot, Gérôme, Frank Dicksee, Morelli and Brozik, and other great living Masters, executed for the grand Folio "Illustrated Bible." The preparation of this wonderful work, at a cost of about £18,000, has evidently been a labour of love. I predict a huge demand for this new "Illustrated Bible," to be published by the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, for the Illustrated Bible Society. It should be the Family Bible.

*Lord Guilford's  
Wedding.*

Crowds of Society folk flocked to St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 25th ult., for there, at half-past two o'clock, George Frederick North, eighth Earl of Guilford, led to the altar Miss Violet Pawson, daughter of the late Mr. W. Hargrave Pawson, of Shawdon, Northumberland, and of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of Sibton Park, Kent,

eight hours to dreary speeches. His face grows haggard and his hair becomes greyer, but, except for a muttered phrase now and again, he gives no sign of impatience or ill-temper. By forbearance, by courtesy to opponents, by conciliation, he has made a praiseworthy effort to dispense with the Closure. No colleague aids him or interferes in his province. The Chancellor manages the Finance Bill for himself. Even Mr. Balfour goes elsewhere when its details are being considered. Sir Michael relies on his own strength.



Photo by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.



[Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.]

MISS VIOLET PAWSON,

THE EARL OF GUILFORD,

WHO WERE MARRIED ON TUESDAY, JUNE 25, AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

step-daughter of Mr. John Howard, M.P. for North-East Kent, and niece of Viscount St. Vincent. The bridegroom is a Lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, and a detachment from that regiment, composed of men of his troop, lined the approach to the church, and afterwards followed the bride in and lined the centre aisle. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Hargrave Pawson, looked charming in her wedding-dress of white Duchesse satin trimmed with some priceless old Spanish point-lace, which formerly belonged to her great-grand-mother, and was a wedding-present to the bride from her aunt, Lady Ramsay-Fairfax, while the Brussels-lace veil she wore was the gift of her mother.

*The Pages and the  
Bridesmaids.*

Two very smart little pages, the Hon. Christopher Roper-Curzon and Master Arthur Hardy, dressed in white satin Court-suits with violet satin Cavalier capes, and six bridesmaids—Lady Muriel North, Miss Guina Pawson, Miss Cotton, Miss Lambert, Miss Francklin, and Miss Milvain—were in attendance on the bride. They looked well in dresses of white voile with violet sashes, and large white picture-hats adorned with Parma violets. To each Lord Guilford gave an enamel brooch in the form of a violet, surmounted by an Earl's coronet in diamonds, and a bouquet of Parma violets—the free use of the violet in the pages' and bridesmaids' costumes being a pretty compliment to the bride's name. Mr. Reginald Dickson was best-man, and the ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's uncle, the Rev. Arthur Eden, assisted by the Rev. W. Shield and the Rev. T. J. Holt. The Hon. Mrs. Howard afterwards welcomed the guests at the Hans Crescent Hotel, and later in the day the Earl and Countess of Guilford departed for Auchnashellach, Ross-shire, kindly lent for the honeymoon by Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge. The bride travelled in a costume of mauve panne trimmed with white lace, and a large white picture-hat arranged with Parma violets. The presents were most magnificent and very numerous.

*Lords and Ladies.* Peers do not guard themselves so jealously as Commons. In the case of the Lower House, ladies may look through an iron screen or peep at a window near the door. If they go to the other House, however, they can stand or sit at the Bar on a level with the Peers themselves. A daring beauty might with her parasol touch a Duke as he sat on a crimson bench. Sometimes the Peers, indeed, lounge to the Bar to chat with ladies whom they recognise. An extraordinary number of ladies, escorted by members of the House of Commons, tried to get into the Upper House last week during the Army debates, initiated so well by the Duke of Bedford. As the space, however, is not great, many went away disappointed.

*The Busy, Bored  
Chancellor.*

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has had a great deal to do this Session in obtaining from the House of Commons the money for the War. "We are quite willing to give you the money," say his critics, "but not in the way you propose." Night after night he has listened for seven or

*Mr. "Willie"  
Redmond.*

Nobody gives the Speaker of the House of Commons more trouble than the brother of the Nationalist Leader. To his friends he is "Willie." He has a boyish air. Mr. Parnell remarked that it was impossible to put an old head on young shoulders. "Willie" Redmond continues to act as if he were young, but he is forty and he has been in the House for eighteen years. The Speaker has become tired of his pranks. When Mr. Gully rises in the Chair and calls him to order, he lingers on his feet as long as possible, going on with what he intended to say, and even when he sits down he mutters. As he is frank and good-natured and has a good Lobby manner, he is not unpopular, but he tries the temper of his opponents.

*Naval Architects in  
Glasgow.*

The Institute of Naval Architects, after an interval of thirteen years, held its interesting summer meeting in Glasgow. The members received a public welcome by Lord-Provost Chisholm, and, of course, visited the Exhibition. Some two hundred and fifty of the German contingent arrived by the famous German-American liner *Deutschland*, sailing from Hamburg to Leith Roads, where they were met by the Earl of Glasgow, on behalf of the British Society of Naval Architects, and by Lord-Provost Chisholm. Lord Glasgow in his

presidential address alluded to the new departure in the turbine-steamer *King Edward*, which, if successful, would create a revolution in passenger-steamer traffic on the Clyde. Lord Brassey was one of the speakers, and Sir Benjamin C. Browne, Newcastle, in moving a vote of thanks to the Lord-Provost, said Glasgow was without doubt the first industrial city in Europe. It should purify the Clyde, then.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS MOLLY O'GRADY IN "THE EMERALD ISLE."

"I cannot play at love; but when I love,  
Gladly I'll say I love, for then I'll love."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

*Touching Royal  
Message to  
Colonel Hay.*

King Edward has once more shown how truly he shares the late Sovereign's wonderful power of communicating personal sympathy to those in deep sorrow. Immediately on hearing of the tragic death of Mr. Adalbert Hay, the young son of the American Secretary of State, who, when acting as American Consul at Pretoria, proved himself



[Photo by Parker, Washington.]  
COMMANDER RICHARDSON CLOVER,  
NAVAL ATTACHÉ TO THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY.  
(See Page 425)

so true and kind a friend to the British Empire, King Edward transmitted through Sir Francis Knollys the following message to the grief-stricken father: "The King shares your grief in your terrible loss. He had the pleasure of knowing your son in London." His Majesty, who never loses an opportunity of showing kindness and consideration to those distinguished Americans making London their temporary home, received Mr. Adalbert Hay most kindly, and learnt from him many interesting details concerning the earlier half of the South African Campaign. Mr. Hay's death from the injuries he sustained in falling from the window of his hotel was the more to be deplored that he was on the eve of commencing what promised to be a brilliant political career in his own country, where the President had just appointed him one of his private secretaries.

*Coronation Day.* Coronation Day, which has formed the subject of a brief correspondence between Mayor Emanuel of Portsmouth and Sir Francis Knollys, is of far more importance to the dwellers in the South of England than citizens of London and others further North would suppose. At one time, Coronation Day was a recognised holiday by all employers of labour in Hampshire, Wiltshire,



Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Hay.

THE HON. ADALBERT HAY, LATE AMERICAN CONSUL AT PRETORIA,

Whose sad death at Newhaven, U.S., has evoked the warmest sympathy with his father, the United States Secretary of State.

Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire. It ranked with Christmas Day and Good Friday, and might well be called the precursor of the Bank Holiday. On this anniversary, the waggons were given over to the lads and lasses, and, decorated with boughs and hunting, they would make for

some picnic spot—if possible, by the seaside. But since the Lubbock Bill Coronation Day has fallen into desuetude. It is remembered by the Southerners, but it is not "kept" as it used to be before holidays were made by Act of Parliament.

*Wales and the  
Duke of Cornwall  
and York.*

There can be no doubt that, next year, the King, in view of his Coronation, will create the Duke of Cornwall and York Prince of Wales, and that the importance of the act will be emphasised by the addition to the Princely armorial bearings of the Red Dragon. The Prince of Wales's "Feathers," taken, with the motto "Ich dien," from the escutcheon of the blind King of Bohemia by the Black Prince, has no connection whatever with "gallant little Wales," and the King deems it fitting that some recognition of the claim of the State of which Sir William Harcourt has become a Freeman should be recognised. At the same time, it is not generally known that the King is still legally Duke of Cornwall. It was a most gracious and kindly act on His Majesty's part to hand over the Duchy and its estates to his son, but, like his predecessors, he is still Duke of Lancaster and Cornwall. This fact has been disputed, but it remains.

*Royal Sturgeon.*

Mr. Shaw, of Scarborough, as in duty bound, has forwarded to the King a sturgeon caught off that port, and the King has tasted it. Probably with indifferent palate, for there is no fish living with so fraudulent a reputation as the "royal sturgeon," unless it be the "tunny" of the Mediterranean. The flesh of the latter resembles badly nurtured veal, but Lord Houghton was correct when he described the sturgeon as a fish always "wavering between second-hand salmon and third-rate cod." Were it not for caviare, the sturgeon would be probably unrecognised beyond the Russian Empire, and I fancy that much of its reputation rests upon the similarity of its name with the "sterlet," quite another product of the Muscovite fisheries. I am told, moreover, that a vast quantity of caviare is manufactured from the roe (artificially coloured, of course) of the humble herring.



LADY BRIGGS,  
AUTHORESS OF THE LATEST WORK ON THE WAR.  
Photo by Lombardi, Sloane Street, S.W.

The Castle at Homburg - vor - der - Höhe has been set in order for the reception of our Sovereign, or rather, that portion of it which has always been known as the "English" wing. The Schloss is not a fine edifice—it has not even the merit of architectural ugliness; but there are delightful views from the windows. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the reception of King Edward VII. has been the principal factor in the rejuvenation of the Castle. Some time ago, the Kaiser took a fancy to the house—one reason being that it was within convenient distance of the Empress Frederick's home—and His Majesty instituted such a demolition combined with reparation that it fairly frightened the old-time custodians, especially the installation of English sanitary methods. It is not unlikely that during his stay at Homburg the King will meet the Czar at Darmstadt, and in that case they will also meet again at Copenhagen.

*Lady Briggs'  
Book.*

Lady Briggs, whose newly published volume on "The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War" is one of the most useful books produced in connection with the present campaign, is no novice in serious writing, for her "Naval Administration"—embodying the experiences of her late husband—is regarded as a classic by all who are interested in Admiralty reform. During the time that Miss Mary Kingsley attended to the Boer prisoners-of-war at Cape Town, Lady Briggs looked after their companions on the British warship, and subsequently she visited many historic places in South Africa.

M. Camille Flammarion, the French scientist, is not the first famous author to attempt to revise the Calendar. During the First Republic, a "Calendrier Lillé" was in force for a few months. In this, every day was named after some flower, vegetable, or fruit which flourished at that time of the year. But even Frenchmen saw the absurdity of the whole thing when they found that they had to head their letters "Onion"!

*A Versatile Duchess.*

The Duchess of Bedford is one of the cleverest and most original ladies in the group whose proud privilege it is to wear the strawberry-leaves, and whose presence at the forthcoming Coronation will give an added touch of splendour to the marvellous scene. The fact that the Duchess was the daughter of a clergyman—the popular Archdeacon Tribe of Lahore, whom many old Anglo-Indians remember with affection and gratitude—has not prevented her from being a very keen sportswoman, one of the best shots, without distinction of sex, in the kingdom, and a first-rate fisherwoman. The heads of the house of Russell have always taken a rather exceptional interest in animals, and there was already at Woburn Abbey a remarkable private “Zoo” when the present Duke succeeded his brother some eight years ago. He and his Duchess have, however, made many most interesting additions to their collection. They are both devoted to natural history in all its forms, and both when at Woburn Abbey and at Endsleigh, their lovely place near Tavistock, they spend almost the whole day out of doors. Their only child, the thirteen-year-old Marquis of Tavistock, knows more about animals and their ways than any other boy of his age in the kingdom, and he has inherited his mother's remarkable power of taming wild beasts by kindness, and kindness alone.

A company of ultra-patriotic Scotsmen, numbering between ten and twelve hundred, assembled on the classic field of Bannockburn the other day for the purpose of protesting against the assumption by the King of the title “Edward VII.” While the redoubtable Theodore Napier was present, and created no little amusement at the close of a characteristic harangue by dramatically drawing his dirk, kissing it, and swearing that he would never own allegiance to any King. Edward the Seventh, the chief figure in the proceedings was the Rev. David Macrae. As Chairman, he expressed the opinion of like-minded “patriots” that it was a shock to multitudes of Scottish people to find His Majesty setting aside the good name of Albert, taking the name of Edward, and adding to it the title “VII.”—a title, he affirmed, that falsified the history of Scotland, and was the greatest affront that had ever been offered to the country. To those who know David Macrae as a lively and humorous writer, his “patriotic” attitude is rather puzzling. His seriousness, as exhibited in the following sentence, is likely only to occasion ridicule. The rev. gentleman remarked that he could not help thinking “that, if one could speak to the King face to face, as man to man, and show him how the thing stood, he would act honourably and undo the wrong.”

*De Wet's Latest Victor.*

Major-General Edward Lock Elliot, who was successful in capturing De Wet's supply-waggons after a severe encounter with the elusive Boer, is one of the Indian school of soldiers now serving in South Africa. He is fifty-one, and entered the Army thirty-three years ago. When he was twenty, he was transferred from a British infantry regiment to the 1st Bombay Lancers. He rose in twenty years to command that corps as its Major, and took it to Egypt in 1896. General Elliot, who had previously seen service in Burmah and Afghanistan, won distinction on the Indian Turf as a gentleman rider and trainer; and this being so, it was not inappropriate that when, in 1898, the post of Inspector-General

of Cavalry in India fell vacant, he should secure the appointment. Military friends of General Elliot's feel assured that his energy and capability will be rewarded by further speedy military successes.

*“The Soldiers' Friend.”*

Earl Roberts has a happy knack of perceiving meritorious work and in bestowing the due meed of praise. This was signally exemplified in the warm and deserved tribute he paid the other day, in presence of Mr. Brodrick and other notable military and naval men, to Colonel Gildea, C.B., the indefatigable Chairman and Treasurer, as well as the founder, of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Born in County Mayo sixty-three years ago, Colonel Gildea has given a great portion of his life to philanthropic and humanitarian work on behalf of the widows and orphans of soldiers and sailors, and of those disabled in war. He served throughout the Franco-German War as an agent of the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War. “Tommy Atkins” and “Sailor Jack” have no friend to whom they owe more than to Colonel Gildea, who has raised large sums at various times in their behalf, and is the moving spirit in many of the Associations established for the well-being of soldier and sailor alike. When he is able to get away from the numerous calls for his help—and that has been seldom during the past twenty months—the Colonel indulges in a long bicycle-run into the country, his only method of recreation, though he at one time took a good deal of exercise as an oarsman.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Photo by Bullingham.

The Empress Eugénie, who was in very indifferent health during her residence at Cap Martin in the early spring of this year, when she entertained for a brief period more than one member of the Royal houses of Europe, is now, happily, much stronger. She is residing at her favourite English home at Farnborough. Every summer the ex-Empress of the French spends most of her time on board her yacht, and just now her steam-yacht is being fitted out at Cowes for a contemplated cruise to Norway, in which, in all probability, the Empress will be accompanied by her friend Princess Beatrice and children.

A great many well-known people gathered together at Christie's, some as purchasers, some simply to watch the Royal wine sale. Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have often presided over auctions in which were prominent Royal and even Imperial lots, but rarely have they seen more interest aroused than that which brought together connoisseurs even from Russia and America. Apparently those sherries whose last home was the capacious and old-world cellars of St. James's Palace were considered notably superior to the sherries from Buckingham Palace. As to the prices, they varied from sixty to eighty shillings.

*“La Belle Marguerite.”*

The quick service from Tilbury to Boulogne and back in one day has been resumed by the Queen ship of the Palace fleet, the *Marguerite*, a holiday trip on board which is a delightful experience. In the nick of time appears the new edition of Mr. Austin Brereton's capital little guide, “By the Silent Highway,” which should be bought by voyagers on the *Marguerite*, *Royal Sovereign*, and *Koh-i-Noor*. The clear map of the route adds to the value of this interesting illustrated river-handbook.

*The King's State Portrait.*

There is every likelihood that the State portrait of the King which is to come from the easel of Mr. Luke Fildes will be on view in next year's Academy. When this official presentment of His Majesty, limned on a canvas about twelve feet high, is completed, a number of replicas will be produced for presentation in various official quarters. In his art tastes King Edward cannot be said to resemble his illustrious mother, and he certainly has not the high estimate of the work of Angeli, the Viennese Court Painter, some score of whose works are hung at Windsor, which was entertained by Queen Victoria. Several examples of Angeli's brush (including the Jubilee portrait) have lately been removed at the Royal command from the conspicuous place they occupied on the visitors' staircase. The interesting quartet of Queen Victoria's four daughters-in-law still, however, adorns the private drawing-room.

*A Correction.*

A military correspondent writes courteously from Limerick: "With reference to the paragraph headed 'The Raquets Colonel,' on page 356 of your issue of June 19, 1901, I beg to call your attention to an error which appears therein. The regiment of which General French speaks so highly is not, as stated, the 2nd King's Shropshire Light Infantry, the old 85th (Bucks Volunteers) Light Infantry, but the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, commanded, not by Colonel Spens, but by Colonel C. St. L. Barter, C.B., who has led them throughout the campaign. I draw your attention to this fact in no wise for the purpose of detracting from the splendid work in the War of that distinguished regiment, the 2nd Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry, or of its gallant Commanding Officer, but I wish to correct an error that has obviously crept in through the similarity in the titles of the two regiments. I trust that in a future issue of your paper you may be good enough to rectify the mistake. I enclose a copy of a recent issue of our regimental paper, the *Bugle*, which deals with this very case."

*Some Society Law Cases.*

Last week (June 25) the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords began the initial steps in the hearing of two most interesting claims to Peerages. Curiously enough, two of the claimants are ladies—the one being the Countess of Yarborough, the other the Countess of Powis, co-heiresses of three Baronies. Lady Yarborough, who is a very beautiful woman, is a Peeress in her own right, and on her marriage as Baroness Conyers to Lord Yarborough she brought into his family over

all the responsibilities which would naturally fall on the Earl-Marshall in connection with the forthcoming Coronation. The petitioner is thought by some authorities to have a very strong case, as he is undoubtedly the senior co-heir general of the ancient Earldom. Mr. Asquith appears for



MISS GERTIE MILLAR, ONE OF THE LATEST GAIEITY RECRUITS.

*Photo by Jancowski, Manchester.*

Lord Mowbray and Stourton; Lord Robert Cecil, an acute and clever lawyer—as, indeed, he should be, seeing he is a grandson of the famous Baron Alderson—appears for the present Earl-Marshall. Scottish Society has been immensely interested in the conclusion of the Cunliffe Brooks case, for Lord Low finally decided last week that the millionaire baronet, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," remained an Englishman.

Although, in consequence of the War and Court mourning, many regiments abandoned their annual reunions this year, a goodly number of corps have kept up the custom. As usual, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge took the chair at the Dinners of the "Grunners" and the "Sappers," and at the former Earl Roberts (an old Horse Artilleryman) was also present. Not the least interesting function was that of "The Queen's" Regiment (the Royal West Surrey), held at the Métropole, at which Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny and other returned heroes were present.



MR. HAROLD B. HARTLEY, B.A., WHO, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE, HAS BEEN ELECTED TO A TUTORIAL FELLOWSHIP AT BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Mr. Harold B. Hartley, B.A., who has just achieved exceptional scientific honours at Oxford, having been elected to a Tutorial Fellowship and the Bedford Lectureship in Chemistry at Balliol, was born in September 1878, and is, consequently, in only his twenty-third year. He is the son of Mr. H. T. Hartley, the well-known Director of the London Exhibitions, Limited, under whose direct supervision the remarkable collection of military pictures, relics, &c., has been organised at Earl's Court this year. Mr. Harold B. Hartley was educated at Dulwich College, and was elected to a Brackenbury Scholarship at Balliol in 1896. He went up to Oxford in 1897, and in 1900 was placed in the first class in the Final Schools in both Chemistry and Mineralogy.



MISS GEORGIE MARTIN IN "H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE," AT THE STRAND.  
"LA, LA, LA!"

*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

a hundred quarterings. Lord Mowbray and Stourton claims the Earldom of Norfolk, and the case is a particularly interesting one, as, should he succeed, he, and not the Duke of Norfolk, will have all the glories and

*The Lord Mayor and "The Baltic."*

Lord Mayor Frank Green is a marvel. He is ever laying foundation-stones; he makes any amount of charity speeches—so much so that his reading of the old adage probably runs "Charity covers a multitude of Dinners"; he imperils his digestion at countless civic luncheons and banquets—and yet looks on the morrow as fresh and vigorous as I remember him more years ago than I like to think of. Take, for example, his Lordship's diary of June the 25th, the day before he entertained the Chancellor of the Exchequer under the hospitable roof of the Mansion House. A devoted Mason, the Lord Mayor went in the morning with his indefatigable and genial colleagues, Sheriffs Vaughan Morgan and Lawrence, to Jeffrey Square, in the City, to give that start to the new building of "The Baltic" Exchange illustrated in the accompanying camera-picture. Moving from the end of Threadneedle Street to Jeffrey Square, the good men and true of "The Baltic" will have more comfortable premises, and will have the best wishes of their fellow citizens, as felicitously expressed by the Lord Mayor at the luncheon in Merchant Taylors' Hall.

Bright and smiling, the Lord Mayor turned up in the evening at the fine old Stationers' Hall as Chairman—and a very good Chairman, too—of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution. He advocated the claims of this well-administered charity to such good effect that £972 was subscribed, in addition to annual subscriptions to the tune of £263, as Mr. Wilkie Jones announced. An extra vote of thanks to Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton for his good-humoured speech on the *Ladysmith Lyre*!

Victorien Sardou's only daughter (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent) was married last week to Count Robert de Flers. The marriage is talked of in Paris as the union of two aristocracies—blood and literature. Sardou has now won all the honours as a French dramatist. He had fame and money before: his possible descendants will now be titled. He has got very far from the Bohemian student-days when, in the garden of the Luxembourg, he used to gaze with admiration at the guardian's cottage with the duck-pond before it, and wish he might live to possess just such a place. To-day, he is very rich and lives in a splendid house in the fashionable Rue de Madrid. His new son-in-law is grandson of a Marquis de Flers whom Napoleon III. banished at the time of the Coup d'État. He is a young man of talent. He has published several books and written a play called "Travaux d'Hercule," which has had a run.

Sardou himself espoused the daughter of the Director of the Museum of Versailles, Mlle. de Soulié. This is how it happened that, though he was a very modest personage at the time, he was married in the Royal Chapel of the Palace. There are fates which cast their shadows before. He has three sons. One is an architect, another is studying medicine, and the third is still at college. Sardou's daughter, now the Countess de Flers, is a very beautiful blonde.

*Victor Hugo's House.*

The grandchildren of Victor Hugo have offered the City of Paris the wherewithal to make the "house" of Victor Hugo a memorial of that great master of French literature. They offer relics and souvenirs, and also a great number of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Victor Hugo himself. Among them are more than five hundred designs, and the decoration of an entire room, with wall-panels, chimney-piece, and a ceiling of birds and flowers, painted and sculptured by the poet. They have collected,

besides, an entire gallery of pictures inspired by Victor Hugo's works and painted by the foremost artists of the nineteenth century, with the famous busts of the great poet, novelist, and dramatist. They have also collected a Victor Hugo library, composed of all his works in all the editions and in all the translations, with the critical works relative to them. There will be five thousand engravings, nine hundred of which are portraits of Victor Hugo. Finally, they will reconstitute the room where he died, with the high desk where he wrote, standing, and all the furniture, which has been piously preserved. It is proposed to instal all this in the house where the poet lived many years in the Place des Vosges.

*The Poet's Grandchildren.*

Georges and Jeanne Hugo support the glory of the poet's name. Jeanne Hugo married the son of Alphonse Daudet, and, after being divorced from him and being adjudged the tutelage of their two children, she married the son of the famous Charcot, young Dr. Charcot, who occupies his father's place at Salpêtrière. This is how it comes about that the great-grandchildren of Victor Hugo are also the grandchildren of Alphonse Daudet. Unhappily, the two families are at feud. It is a case of Montagues and Capulets over again.



THE LORD MAYOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF "THE BALTIC" MERCANTILE AND SHIPPING EXCHANGE IN ST. MARY AXE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

The death of Alexandre Parodi recalls once more what manner of actress Sarah Bernhardt is. In 1876, when "Rome Vaincu" was produced at the Comédie-Française, she went to Perrin, then Director, and asked to play the leading part. Perrin replied that she was acting thoughtlessly in regard to a young artiste who had thrown heart and soul into the character of Opimia. Sarah replied, "No, I want the part of Posthumia." "You," said Perrin, "play the rôle of an old woman of ninety?" "Yes," said Sarah, "I want to." And M. Debré, one of the greatest authorities on the French stage for the last forty years, tells me that never was Sarah, then in her thirties, so enthralling and powerful.

When (adds my Paris Correspondent) I passed through the Place de la Concorde the other day to witness the start of the tourists in the great Paris-Berlin race, I rubbed my eyes. The day before, the statue of Strasbourg was decorated with signs of mourning. To-day, it seemed stern and hopeful and

wreathless. The fashionable world was starting on a pleasant tour to Berlin in easy stages, and the ladies wore Gainsborough bonnets and smiled and acknowledged salutes, and even stopped to take a cup of tea at five o'clock on the road.

*At Champigny.*

It was a very different story at Champigny at 3.30 last Thursday morning, when the racing teams took the road. The villagers seemed to imagine that the place had been struck by lightning, and the superstitious said an extra prayer when they remembered that the meet was at cross-roads. No less than 110 automobiles started from Champigny for the first stage of the race to Berlin—the 283-mile run to Aix-la-Chapelle. There were, alas! some fatal accidents on the road. Near Bastogne, the engineer of M. de Cosmos's motor was projected into a tree, and killed. A man was cut in two by an electric car, and women and children were run over. M. Fournier, driving a Mors car, reached Aix first. Mr. Edge's motor-carriage unfortunately burst its tyres at Sedan; but two other Englishmen, the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. Jarrott, made good time to Aix. Hanover was the next resting-place on the route to Berlin, the first to arrive at which city you will doubtless discover in another column.

# THE SOCIAL JESTER

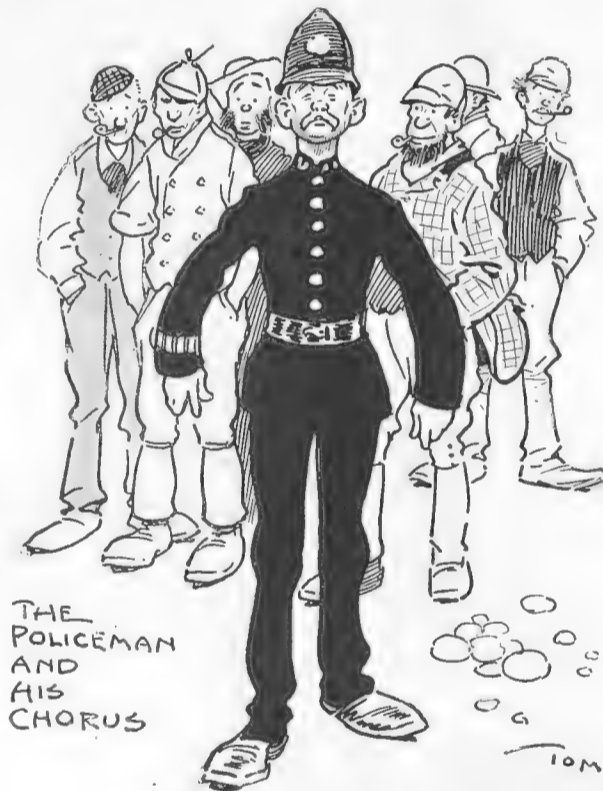


## SUNDAY WITH A CHURCHWARDEN—PIPE.

**S**TILL in pursuit, my dear young lady, of that philanthropic scheme for the benefit of the London bachelor that I mentioned to you last week, I selected—not without difficulty—a perfectly fine Sunday, travelled down the railway-line to the most deserted station I could find, walked away from the station into the open country, and eventually halted before the closed doors of a picturesque hostelry situated in the centre of a straggling village-street. The landlord of the hostelry, whose usually red face was rendered still redder by the exceeding tightness of his Sunday collar, and whose stiff manner was not so much due to pride of birth as to the fact that he was decked out for the day in a shiny black suit of incredible discomfort, received me with a Sabbatarian distrust and a pointed inquiry as to my last sleeping-place. When we had compromised the matter—I reflected that the matter was the most suitable thing to compromise—he escorted me, with a grandiose air entirely in keeping with the strain upon his waistcoat-buttons, into the bar-parlour of the inn; provided me, at my urgent request, with cider in a tankard and tobacco in a churchwarden pipe; gasped a little, and then went down into the cellar to cool off before sending his wife to church.

Left alone, I sampled the cider, lit my pipe, and settled down in a comfortable seat by the open window to admire the village and the villagers. Even as I did so, three bells—all set in motion, I imagine, by one and the same person—raised their voices in a somewhat jerky and intermittent chorus of admonition and entreaty. For the space of ten minutes or so they were allowed to wag their iron tongues in vain, and then, from far away, there came the sound of many roughly shod little feet pattering on the brick pavement, and the Sunday School children came round the corner in a snake-like line of pairs. At their head, striving to lessen the Babel of chatter by clutching nervously at the sleeves of her pupils, walked the one unfortunate teacher who happened to have answered the call of duty that morning. Her efforts, however, met with but scant reward, for the institution of the Board School had long since served to remove from the yokel mind of the district any latent sense of reverence that their forefathers might have possessed.

As the children clattered into church, the local policeman appeared, and stationed himself opposite the sacred edifice, in the exact centre of the roadway. With him, of course, came that band of beery satellites



THE  
POLICEMAN  
AND  
HIS  
CHORUS

that the village constable in every part of the country has come to look upon as his especial and particular right. These parasitic gentlemen, most of whom were in their shirt-sleeves, and all of whom were smoking short clay-pipes, took up a position at a respectful distance from the miracle of matter in blue and basked luxuriously in a glow of reflected glory. Since the exact necessity for their presence seemed to be indefinite, they

arrogated to themselves the duty of passing audible comments of a mud-laden nature upon such of their neighbours who sidled, from time to time, into the church. Presently, however, as the church-clock strove to announce the fact that the eleventh hour had now arrived, the bells were allowed to fall back once again into their places, the policeman and his chorus of clodhoppers moved away, and the service began.

There is something, I think, particularly soothing about a church-service as followed from outside the church. One's attention is not distracted by the shuffling of the school-children near the font or the mannerisms of the local magnate in the top pew; one's nerves are not harassed by the occasional ciphering of the organ or the unconscious eccentricities of the choir. And so, as I sat at the open window of the inn, drinking my cider and smoking my pipe, I dare swear I derived as much benefit from the ceremony as Mrs. Gristle, the butcher's wife, who, I gather, was all the time wondering what the feminine portion of the congregation thought of her new hair; and a good deal more than Mr. Pippin, the grocer, who was determined, I believe, to leave off coming to church as soon as he could summon up the moral courage to stay away, his reason being that the Vicar had, most unreasonably, taken to getting better groceries from the neighbouring town than those on sale at considerably higher prices in Mr. Pippin's shop. For Mr. Pippin, purveyor of tea and sugar, could look upon the Vicar only as a purveyor of salvation, and it stood to reason that, if the Vicar refused to purchase his currants and coffee from the local grocer, Mr. Pippin was not going to accord the Vicar the privilege of saving the local grocer's soul.

Service over, the congregation wandered out into the sunlight once again, and you might take it for granted that those who came out last occupied the best positions in the village. Mrs. Gristle, whose husband had the honour of supplying meat to no less than four county families, considered herself entitled to say a private prayer, as the gentry did, after the choir and the Vicar had disappeared into the vestry. This course of conduct was naturally looked upon as bad form by the other tradesmen's wives; but, then, it was a matter of common knowledge that Mrs. Gristle's airs and affectations had already lost her husband a good deal of business, besides causing him to take more whisky of a night than was good for him.

With a little friendly gossip of this kind, the small groups of worshippers that had collected in the roadway broke up, and the servant-girls were soon hurrying from the bake-house with the Sunday joint all piping hot. As they passed by my window, such a number of savoury odours rose up that I was obliged to summon mine host and demand the bill-of-fare. And mine host, who, by proxy, had placed sixpence in the collection-bag, and therefore felt justified in removing his Sunday coat and waistcoat in favour of something more roomy, invited me, genially, to lay aside my pipe and join his family board. I took him at his word.

When I awoke—yes, the dinner was both wholesome and substantial—the shades of eventide had fallen upon the village, and the air was cool and sweet as a glass of iced cider-cup. Leaving the hostelry, I found my way to the summit of a hill that backs the tiny settlement, and looked down into the valley below with peace in my heart and my hat on the back of my head. It was one of those soft, gentle nights that seem made for love and the making of love. Reflectively, and with a deep sigh of content, I lit the churchwarden pipe and watched the rings of smoke curl heavenwards. The tobacco burnt wonderfully well—tobacco always does on a night like that. Then, as I smoked, my soul went out to the scent of the grass, the rustling of the leaves, the perfect restfulness of the whole business, and, if it hadn't been that an engine whistled shrilly in the far distance and reminded me of trains and cabs and offices and things, I really think I might have fallen asleep where I was and caught a bad cold in the head.



ESCORTED ME INTO  
THE BAR-PARLOUR



I LIT  
MY  
PIPE

Chicot

## HENLEY: MOST DELIGHTFUL OF REGATTAS.

OTHER parts of the world can boast of more gorgeous river-scenes—a wider expanse of water and banks arrayed by Nature in cover of dazzling hues. But nowhere else has such a picture been produced as that to be seen annually at Henley on the occasion of its world-famous Regatta. The quiet beauty of the upper reaches of the Thames is at this spot very pronounced, and during the Regatta the river and its banks are so freely populated by wearers of

## LIGHT HEARTS AND PRETTY CLOTHES,

together with knights in armour no more formidable than flannel and straw, that to suddenly awaken to the change may be calculated to create a sense of pleasure too ecstatic to admit of faithful description. The combination of nature and art results in a scene so animated as almost to induce a belief in Cinderella's fairy godmother and the faithful genii of the lamp. Pray that the weather of

## TO-DAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY

may be such as to admit of all the glories of this time-honoured function being once more thoroughly enjoyed, the gaily decorated house-boats seen to the best advantage, and the racing carried out under the pleasantest possible circumstances. What of the racing, which is, after all, far from being the secondary consideration that some would have one believe? Well, as in many previous years, it will possess

## AN INTERNATIONAL ELEMENT,

and, whether their inclusion is viewed with complete satisfaction or not, it behoves all concerned to give a most cordial welcome to the "foreign" crews, for, after all is said and done, their participation in the races adds considerably to the zest of the sport. The visitors this year are crews representative respectively of Pennsylvania University and Belgium, and members of the Club Nautique of Nice. Some of our American cousins have just beaten both Englishmen and Scotsmen in another branch of sport. All the more reason why we should welcome the opportunity of measuring our skill with others who don the Stars-and-Stripes over the Henley course. Should success be theirs in the most coveted of all Henley trophies,

## THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP,

no one will grudge it them, but they will have a very hard task to win, for Leander are very powerful indeed, with C. A. Willis, H. Du Vallon, M. C. Thornhill, G. M. Maitland, C. D. Burnell, J. E. Payne, C. J. D. Goldie, and R. B. Etherington-Smith (stroke) in the boat as rowers, and W. E. MacLagan "at the helm."

## THE PENNSYLVANIANS ARE

R. R. Zane, R. H. Eisenbrey, F. L. Davenport, S. Crowther junior, A. H. Flickwir (captain), G. S. Allyn, W. G. Gardiner, J. P. Gardiner (stroke),

Mr. Fuller (advance manager). Ellis Ward (coach). Mr. R. Hart (manager).  
A. J. Kuhnmuench. R. H. Eisenbrey. G. S. Allyn. S. Crowther junior. A. C. Jackson.



R. R. Zane. F. L. Davenport. A. H. Flickwir (capt.). J. P. Gardiner (stroke). W. G. Gardiner.  
L. J. Smith (cox.).

## THE PENNSYLVANIAN CREW AND THEIR SPARE MEN.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

and L. J. Smith (cox.). Their spare men are A. J. Kuhnmuench and A. C. Jackson. They have been coached by Mr. Reginald Lawrence Hart, and have had the assistance of Ellis Ward as professional. As a crew, they are not overburdened with weight, but the impression they have given is that of an evenly balanced lot of men, and, though their body-swing has been deficient, most of the work being done with their arms, there has been no doubt of the good use made of their legs, while



THE PENNSYLVANIAN EIGHT NEAR HENLEY BRIDGE.

the boat has travelled at an excellent pace. There is not much chance, apparently, for

## THE BELGIANS (CLUB NAUTIQUE OF GHENT),

but, should they prove good enough for the great honour of winning, Englishmen and Americans too may be confidently expected to show their high appreciation of talent apart from every other consideration. A crew which will probably take a lot of beating for the Grand Challenge Cup is New College, Oxford. The entries exceeded in number those of 1900 by six, no fewer than twelve being received for the Thames Challenge Cup, in which Trinity Hall may be expected to do well. In

## THE STEWARDS' CUP (FOURS),

Third Trinity have a fine crew, but Leander, as in the Grand, are particularly strong, and it is quite on the cards that both events will go to the last-named. De Sonville and Van Crombrugge, who were at Henley last year with the Belgian Eight, are to compete in the race for the Silver Goblets; but they will have against them two strong pairs, representing respectively Leander and Balliol College, Oxford.

## FOR THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE,

Eton College do not appear to be quite so good as usual; but Radley, though light, are very smart and may make a good show. The race for

## THE DIAMOND SCULLS,

always a great feature, is likely to be productive of much good racing, for the aspirants include St. G. Ashe, H. T. Blackstaffe, W. C. Bond, A. H. Cloutte, Lieutenant C. V. Fox, W. A. Hickman, K. Johnson, and L. Prevel (Club Nautique of Nice). The programme is one of liberal proportions and the stewards will have their hands full from start to finish. They may, however, be confidently expected to carry out everything very successfully, especially with the present plan of keeping the course clear. A much larger number than in past years go from and return to London each day, and this they are enabled to do in comfort in consequence of the most excellent facilities afforded by the capitably conducted train-service of

## THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Those who have never visited Henley-on-Thames in Regatta-time will do well to make the journey on one or other of the three days. Some who go on the first day will probably be inclined to repeat the visit.

It has been stated at different times that Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" has been put on the "Index." So far from this being the fact, the Pope recently had the book read to him in an Italian translation, and afterwards sent his benediction to the author.

## GOSSIP FOR HENLEY.

## THE YOUNGEST ROYAL CYCLIST.

PRINCE EDWARD OF CORNWALL AND YORK is now the youngest Royal cyclist in the world. It had long been the desire of his heart to possess a bicycle, for, though he had been set on pony-back almost before he could walk, the possession of an iron steed was debarred him till June 23, when, on his seventh birthday, he had the rapture of seeing among the gifts laid out for him a beautiful bicycle. This was presented to his namesake, grandson, and godson by King Edward, who delights in nothing more than in giving any child, and, of course, more especially one of his own little descendants, pleasure. His Majesty seems to have taken very great pains over the ordering and the building of the machine, which was manufactured by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth. Cyclists will be interested to learn that the frame, measuring fourteen inches from the saddle to the bracket, is exceptionally light, being made of the toughest and lightest tubing. Each of the wheels has a diameter of twenty inches, and, by the King's



FIRST TRINITY (CAMBRIDGE) FOUR AND THEIR COACH.

own special wish, the machine is extremely plain and simple in appearance, plain cork handles with silver tips terminating the handle-bars.

## AN OCTOGENARIAN DUKE.

The Duke of Grafton celebrated his eightieth birthday last week. Unlike many of our great nobles, his personality is one little known to the general public, and yet he has had a long and distinguished career, and was one of the most brilliant soldiers of the early Victorian era, his services in the Crimean Campaign having won him many distinctions, which it is to be hoped he will wear on the occasion of the forthcoming Coronation. The Duke of Grafton has known King Edward from childhood, for he was made an Equerry of the late Queen when the Prince of Wales was only seven years old, and he remained to the end one of Queen Victoria's most trusted men friends, while his only daughter, Lady Eleanor, married some five-and-twenty years ago, as her second husband, Mr. Walter Harbord, one of Lord Suffield's many sons, and himself a *persona grata* with King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The Duke of Grafton has now been a widower for upwards of forty years; his wife, known for a brief period as the beautiful and gifted Lady Charles Fitz-Roy, was an aunt of Mr. Arthur Balfour.

## OUR CHARMING LADY MAYORESS.

The youthful and charming Lady Mayoress has had a very busy season. Miss Green has proved that a poetess can be a very delightful and practical hostess, for she seems to be equally at home in the old City's stately palace when receiving troops of gaily dressed children or when presiding over a charitable Committee. On July 23, the Lord Mayor and his daughter will give a great soirée in honour of the members of the International Congress on Tuberculosis. I feel sure great interest will be taken in the charming new volume Miss Green has just issued.

## A GROUP OF ENGAGEMENTS.

Late June and July engagements generally portend pretty country weddings, and this year several forthcoming marriages will be celebrated in the country, as so many members of Society are in deep mourning. It is quite possible that the wedding of Miss Peel, the pretty unmarried sister of Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Ronald Macleay will take place abroad; and that of Lady Edith Montgomerie and Captain Trotter will almost certainly be celebrated



THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY EIGHT.

from—or rather, in, according to Scots fashion—Lord Eglinton and Winton's Scottish seat. One of the last weddings of the Season to be celebrated in London will be that of Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst to Miss Moira O'Brien, one of Lord Inchiquin's eight good-looking daughters.

## A JULY FÊTE.

The Committee of the Sheen House Club have hit on a really novel and clever idea, and next week will see the beautiful grounds of the Club transformed into the semblance of a Country Fair, each booth, or side-show, having been organised by the friends of some deserving charity; while, most original idea of all, once the Fair has been held, there will be an election, at which the upholders of each charity represented will be called upon not only to make speeches but to distribute election literature. Voting will be seriously carried on, and each charity will have, as it were, a proportional representation, that fortunate enough to obtain most votes receiving the larger sum.

Lord Alington is a man of great humour. On one occasion, he was entertaining a neighbouring magnate who was very fond of display and arrived at Criche with a train of servants such as would have befitted a Baron of old. At dinner on the night of his arrival, Lord Alington said to his guest, "I hope your gardener is better, X.!" "My gardener?" exclaimed X., very much surprised. "I didn't know he was ill. I left him in good health." "Oh!" responded the head of the house of Sturt, "I thought he must be laid up, as you haven't brought him with you." Lord Alington's brother, Colonel Napier Sturt—now, alas! one of the great majority—was also a wag. He used always to wear a bit of common string instead of a watch-chain. "All that a poor younger son can afford," he would say; "and, besides that, it will come in handy to hang himself with when he gets to the end of his tether."



THE LEANDER CREW.

Messrs. C. A. Willis, H. Du Vallon, M. C. Thorndill, G. M. Maitland, C. D. Burnell, J. E. Payne, C. J. D. Goldie, R. B. Etherington-Smith, and W. E. MacLagan.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

"O BEAUTY, TILL NOW I NEVER KNEW THEE!"—THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.



MISS MARGARET FRASER, WHO CHARMS THE PUBLIC NIGHTLY IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



MISS ELLA SNYDER, THE DEAR "CASINO GIRL," WHO HAS NOW RETURNED TO HER NATIVE SHORES.



MISS MARIE GEORGE, ANOTHER AMERICAN LADY ON WHOM THE GNATS NEVER SETTLE.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, WHO IS A "WARD-IN-CHANCERY" AT THE GAIETY, AND A DREAM OF BEAUTY ANYWHERE.

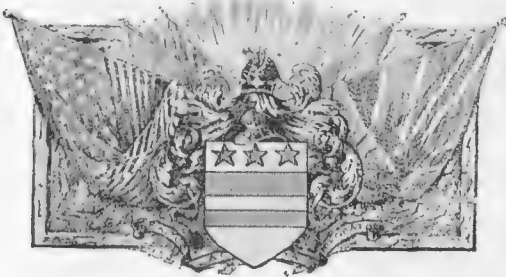
*From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

## "HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

### THE AMERICAN INVASION.

"THE SKETCH" heartily welcomes the bright and cheery American invaders, and wishes them a "real good time" in London. This invasion is desirable on many grounds, for the friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain have never been more cordial than they have been during the Presidency of Mr. McKinley.

To take the commercial side of the question first. Surely the vast legions of wealthy and distinguished Americans who pour into those palatial hotels, the Cecil, the Savoy, the Victoria, the Métropole, and the Carlton, help to vastly improve native business not only at those hotels, but all over London and its environs. These visitors—often in extensive family groups—had better (as far as we are concerned) spend their wealth in London than in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Washington,



THE WASHINGTON ARMS, CREST, AND MOTTO,  
"EXITUS ACTA PROBAT."

and what-not, or even in Paris, to which Paradise, as all doctrinal devotees know, "all good Americans go when they die."

It must—or should—be borne in mind that these busy visitors, whether comfortably provided for or merely multi-millionaires, disburse huge sums while they "are around,"

as they would say. And these large sums are not only for sumptuous hotel-fare, but also for grand equipages, priceless jewels, "swagger" clothes, and "gilt-edged" amusements.

And, to look at America's so-called "invasion" from a theatrical point of view, surely the time has gone by when England, of all countries in the world, should complain of that! In theatrical matters, as in all others, the demand regulates the supply, and the old-time mutual soreness in this matter has long ago disappeared—and, let us hope, disappeared for evermore. For be it noted that, apart from the fact that American artists, both theatrical and variety, are more numerous here than hitherto, they are also mostly of a far more artistic kind than were wont to besiege London in the days that were earlier. Take, for example, Miss Alice Nielsen at the Shaftesbury, Miss Fay Davis, so long at the St. James's, Mr. Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife (Miss Maxine Elliott), so soon to reappear amongst us,



Copied by permission from the Seasonable New Book, "The Cradle of the Washingtons and Home of the Franklins," by Arthur Branscombe.

the many excellent low-comedians and singers in certain musical plays, and Mr. William Gillette, who will in September submit to Lyceum playgoers his adaptation of "Sherlock Holmes." Look, also, at the scores of really humorous artists around our variety theatres.

Moreover, let it not be forgotten by English complainers that vast numbers of our native theatrical and variety artists are weekly shipped to the States, where they mostly earn hearty commendation as well as cash.

And, finally, to instance a still nobler reason why all complaining cackle should cease as to America's "invasion" of England—or vice versa—there is the True Brotherly feeling which has now for a long time (thank God!) subsisted between the two great English-speaking nations. That concord has become too strong to admit of any petty mutual jealousies. Indeed, nowadays, what with such noble societies as the recently formed Atlantic Union, which numbers among its members the most distinguished of English and American citizens, it has become easy to quote and to believe that rousing quatrain of Douglas Sladen's—

We are all English—one in our devotion,  
Whether the York we love be Old or New;  
Whether our Boston face the German Ocean,  
Or have the Broad Atlantic full in view.

It is, perhaps, by way of expressing special appreciation of the happy reciprocity that now exists between England and America that an English citizen—albeit one of much American experience—has lately issued a book of considerable interest to both nations. This book shows, by inference, how much Young America owes—as regards her founders—to Old England, and affords yet another proof, if proof were needed, of the "rapid" manner in which the younger nation avails herself of every opportunity for progress, and, to adopt a popular and expressive locution, "gets there with both feet."

The new book in question is entitled "The Cradle of the Washingtons and Home of the Franklins," and is the work of Mr. Arthur Branscombe, a well-known journalist who has the renown of having started the modern form of "go-as-you-please" musical-play with "Morocco Bound," which, in addition to its previous long London and provincial run, he has himself toured for seven years past. This handsome volume, lavishly illustrated by the author, is published per the Anglo-American Exchange, that most useful Northumberland Avenue house-of-call and registration-club where English and American citizens desiring information and advice on all sorts of Anglo-American matters are courteously assisted by Mr. Askew, the proprietor, Mr. Caygill, the world-experienced manager, and their splendid staff. Mr. Branscombe treats fully and interestingly of the East Anglian and Midland ancestry—and, shall I say, anecdote?—concerning the great George Washington and the somewhat less eminent but highly useful President, Benjamin Franklin. The story of the ancestors of George the Veracious and of Benjamin—who, I trust, was equally veracious—is full of quaintness as well as of useful information. Inasmuch as to-morrow (Thursday) is Independence Day, my Editor has selected for incorporation with these remarks certain of Mr. Branscombe's illustrations, such as the portraits of Washington and Franklin and the "Arms" of the former. "The Cradle of the Washingtons and Home of the Franklins" is, indeed, a beautiful book, and will doubtless be largely acquired by English and American citizens all over the civilised world.

Speaking of George Washington, it may be that some *Sketch* readers have not heard that little anecdote concerning a certain American school-teacher who on a day put a leading question to his pupils.

"Who was the First Man?" quoth he. At once every right arm in the school-room was raised, and the unanimous answer pealed forth—

"George Washington! First in Peace, first in War, first in the hearts of his Countrymen!"

"No, no!" cried the master. "I said, the *first* Man!"

Again the solid answer rose upon the air, "George Washington! First in, &c."

At length, on the question being put again, and somewhat differently, the head-boy sullenly replied, "Oh, well, if you include foreigners, I suppose you mean Adam!"

But, reverting to the so-called "invasion," to all interested in the habits and customs of Americans in London the most interesting place



MR. HENRY WHITE, FIRST SECRETARY  
OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.



MR. CHARLES HODSON AND HIS SON, IN THE SECRETARIAL DEPARTMENT  
AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN LONDON.

to seek is, of course, the American Embassy Offices in Victoria Street. Here, aided calmly and with extreme conscientiousness by a numerous staff, you will find (at stated hours) His Excellency Ambassador Joseph H. Choate. Like his renowned and revered predecessors, such as the beloved poet and essayist, Russell Lowell, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Bayard, and Colonel John Hay—whose recent sad bereavement we all deplore—Mr. Choate has, by his unfailing kindness and sympathy, his rich humour, his eloquent oratory, and his straightforward statecraft, endeared himself to the English people.

At the Embassy Offices, and at his official residence in Carlton House Terrace, this distinguished Ambassador has long won the hearts of those of us whose privilege and pleasure it has been to meet him. At these Embassy Offices, filled with the archives and embellished with the portraits of past Presidents (and, of course, the present honoured holder of that great office, Mr. McKinley), Mr. Choate has the advantage of the assistance of Mr. Henry White, the Chief Secretary, Mr. J. Ridgely Carter, the second-in-command in this connection, Mr. Eustiss, the General Secretary, and Mr. Charles Hodson, the Chief Clerk, and his busy son, whose duties are as divers as they are delicate. All concerned with the American Embassy are famous for 'cuteness and cleverness, and their unremitting and unostentatious attention to business and their apparent lack of mere formality might be emulated with advantage by certain English Government Offices where Red Tape is rampant.

Even a page of the well-filled "Visitors' Book" at the Embassy would reveal a group of most distinguished names—names which would make you "sit up," as the Americans say, for their importance in Diplomacy, Literature, Art, History, the Navy, the Army, and, yea and faith, for Theology, if you'd the call.

#### JULY 4 CELEBRATION IN LONDON.

When I left the American Embassy, just before going to press, grand preparations were afoot for celebrating Independence Day to-morrow (Thursday) in sundry parts of this great Metropolis of ours, but especially at Mr. Ambassador Choate's palatial premises in Carlton House Terrace. Here from an early hour until a late ditto to-morrow the loveliest of ladies (American, English, and otherwise) and the most distinguished of men of all nations will be welcomed by His Excellency, to the accompaniment of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and under the proud but always welcoming waving of the American Flag. Long may it wave!

Speaking of the Star-Spangled Banner reminds me of two things. One is that I found the Naval Attaché at the Embassy—Commander Clover, to wit—quite the gladdest of glad sea-dogs, and full of interesting reminiscences concerning his more recent sea-fights which



HIS EXCELLENCY JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, THE UNITED STATES' AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Photo by B. J. Falk New York.

were "negotiated," as this brave and bronzed warrior's fellow-natives would say, in the Cuban War. Commander Clover has, I may tell you, given a good account of himself in many another war besides this. He gained especial honours in that terrible Civil War between the North and South of his noble nation. They are, very properly, proud of him at the Embassy, I can tell you.

And speaking of Commanders reminds me of a story which the aforesaid celebrated American comedian, Nat Goodwin (now of breezy Blackheath), told me just now concerning Great Britain's leading actor, meaning, of course, Sir Henry Irving, who is due in America again next October.

It was during Sir Henry's first visit to the States after he had been so deservedly knighted that a very perplexed local interviewer—who was also a friend—called upon him.

"See here, Irving," he remarked, "one scarcely knows how to address you now. When you came here, way back, you were simply 'Mr.' Irving. Now, of course, since you've been banged on the back with a sword, you're a Knight. And yet, I see, you never publish that interesting fact in your advertisements, programmes, or posters around. What, in the name of thunder, then, is one to call you?"

"Well," responded Irving meditatively, with that well-known gentle stroking of his cheek and chin, "it is certainly difficult in your case. But, old friend, seeing that I am now in America again, perhaps you had all better call me 'Colonel' What?"

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN VICTORIA STREET.

Mr. Martin Harvey seems to find inexhaustible popularity in the adaptation of Dickens's great novel, and the number of times that he has given his admirable performance as Sydney Carton and that Miss de Silva has acted picturesquely her pathetic part is growing noticeably great even in these days of big runs.

MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "A ROYAL RIVAL," THE SUCCESSFUL ROMANTIC DRAMA  
WITH WHICH HE IS NOW TOURING THE SUBURBS.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



*Mr. Lewis Waller as himself.*



*Mr. Waller as the dashing Don Cesar de Bazan.*



The King of Spain (Mr. William Mollison).

Don Cesar de Bazan (Mr. Lewis Waller).

Marita (Miss Lily Hanbury).

*Don Cesar finds the King with Marita, but he cannot spill the blood of his Sovereign. He therefore entreats the King to break his sword.*

SCENES FROM "A ROYAL RIVAL," TELLING, IN BRIEF OUTLINE,  
THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*



*Don José, the Chief Minister (Mr. Norman McKinnel), schemes to deliver Marita, the singing-girl (Miss Lily Hanbury), into the King's power that he himself may gain the love of the slighted Queen.*



*The Marquis of Montefiore (Mr. E. M. Robson) and his 'charming' wife (Miss Minnie Griffen) are creatures of Don José and help him in his scheme.*



*The King of Spain (Mr. William Mollison) tries to bend Marita to his will, but she threatens to kill herself rather than consent to his wishes.*



*At the critical moment enter Don Cesar (Mr. Lewis Waller). He reveals to the King the plot of Don José, saves Marita, and is rewarded with her hand and heart.*

## ART IN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE.

BY ALEXANDER BASSANO.

EVERYBODY knows everything about photography nowadays, and there remains little of interest to dwell upon—except, perhaps, the reminiscences of the early workers in the art. When I first received word that

## THE PRINCE OF WALES,

our present Gracious King, intended to honour my studio in Old Bond Street with a visit; I must confess to a feeling of scaredness at the prospect. Not because of the Prince himself, for all the world knew then, as it knows now, how kind and gracious he is wherever he goes, but I was a little timid as to whether I should be able to rise to the occasion. I found my work made easy, however, by the unaffected graciousness of the Prince. The King is one of the steadiest and best sitters if he is not bothered, but allowed to take his own positions. When the sitting was over, my timorousness had changed magically to grateful satisfaction, for of all His Majesty's gifts none shines more conspicuously than that which enables him to place those who serve him so completely at their ease. That visit was a joyous period for us all—I speak for self and staff—for Princes, if they will, carry sunshine where'er they go.

As I write, I recall other instances of the King's kindness, and also an occasion memorable for

## HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-KNOWN FACULTY OF QUICK PERCEPTION.

I was submitting to the Prince at Marlborough House a large oil-painting, which had been executed in my studio, of the Cambridge Banquet, an event marking the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge from active service, and, as he passed in review, as it were, the hundred and fifty officers whose portraits appeared in the picture, the Prince stopped in his scrutiny before one of them, and said, "Why, this medal on Colonel So-and-So's breast was conferred upon him several months after this banquet took place! How is it, then, that he is represented as wearing it so long before he actually received it?" I replied that I thought some authority had been given for its appearance in the picture; but the Prince looked grave, and said, "Oh, Mr. Bassano, the error should be at once rectified, for I am certain no British officer would wish to be represented as wearing a medal which had not, at that particular time, been yet conferred upon him!"

I need hardly say that the medal was at once removed. It would be impertinent to comment on the point of honour which may be deduced from the Prince's observation.

At Marlborough House, too, I have had the happy distinction of being employed to take photographs of

## OUR PRESENT GRACIOUS QUEEN,

and I claim for these pictures that they are amongst the best in respect to pictorial composition and illumination that have ever been taken of



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY, A SOCIETY LEADER.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Her Majesty. I have no hesitation in saying this, because I am one of the very few photographers who can show that they enjoyed artistic training and associations in early life. Many of my boyhood's days were passed in the studio of Augustus Egg, whose works now adorn the walls of the National Gallery; also in the painting-room of William Beverly, the chaste water-colour draughtsman and scene-painter, now dead; and likewise in the rough atelier of dingy Newman Street



KING EDWARD VII.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

presided over in those days by William Heatherley, the man of the ascetic, martyr-like head and features who was an excellent Art Director. These experiences and my subsequent hard work in the same direction embolden me to say that photographic portraiture at the present time is lamentably deficient in the knowledge both of composition and of illumination, the only two artistic qualities which can be brought to bear upon a photographic portrait. It is quite possible to endow a photographic portrait with an artistic sentiment, but you must possess the knowledge of composition and illumination to enable you to show it. Without these qualities, the portrait is a mere mechanical product. I submit in this number of *The Sketch* a few examples of line and balance in composition which may be of service to the student in photographic portraiture.

## OUR LATE BELOVED QUEEN

I found in no way difficult to photograph, for all that was necessary to do was to leave the pose to her own choice—it would then become natural, and, above all, characteristic—and afterwards bring your knowledge of balance, line, composition, and illumination to bear upon the general arrangement of the picture, and the result would be, if you understood your business and knew what to aim at, a representation which would pictorially satisfy the canons of art. In my photographs of Queen Victoria the poses were her own—my efforts were directed to the composition, and I humbly submit that the pictures contain evidences of knowledge of the qualities which go to make up an artistic production.

Many of my photographs have been used by world-famed artists as bases for portraits which are now of priceless value, notably those of

## VON ANGELI AND BENJAMIN-CONSTANT,

whose remarkable picture, which was, by his own acknowledgment, inspired by and based upon a photograph of mine of the late Queen, is now the centre of attention in the present Royal Academy Exhibition.

I could fill a volume, if your space permitted, with reports of my photographic interviews with all the members of the Royal Family, comprising the Empress Frederick of Germany, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, Albany, and of York and Clarence when they were boys, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Duke of Teck, the late Prince Christian Victor, who has fought the good fight and lived and died as a true and gallant soldier. Of all Queen Victoria's daughters I have taken many photographs—one, alas, Princess Alice, is no longer with us, and I possess only the recorded reflections of her gentle personality; but, happily, the majority of the Great Queen's family remain still to sustain their beneficent mission and to uphold the honour of this glorious Empire.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs, and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** in the matters of **NAMES** and **DATES**, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "*The Sketch*," 198, Strand, London.

THE TOUR OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.



CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND: MANCHESTER BRIDGE.



CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

(See "Small Talk," Page 413.)



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN, PLAYING LEADING PARTS IN MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S RÉPERTOIRE COMPANY ON TOUR.



MISS LENA ASHWELL, WHO IS TO PLAY THE LEAD IN MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW COMEDY.



MISS SYBIL CARLISLE, FAMOUS AS MURIEL MANNERING IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.



MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN (MRS. HARRY DAVENPORT), WHO TOOK THE TOWN AS FIFI IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

## MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

OF all Mr. Thornycroft's statuary—and he has executed much—it is probable that the most generally admired composition is "Artemis." It seldom happens that the most popular work of an artist is his own favourite; but here we have an exception. Mr. Thornycroft confesses to a preference for "Artemis"—the achievement that first brought him fame, the supreme outcome of his youthful study, of his absorption in the British Museum statues at a time when his parents wished him to occupy himself with engineering, of the studentship at Rome that he won at the Academy Schools, and of his subsequent experience in his father's studio; for he was recalled from the Eternal City to help the elder Thornycroft with the Poet's Fountain in Park Lane, and modelled the figure of Clio at the base, and that of Fame at the summit.

Some peculiar circumstances were connected with the statue of "Artemis," in which, as everyone knows, the lithe figure of the goddess is accompanied by that of her hound. It is not so strange that the model for the deity of hunting was the wife of an itinerant ice-cream merchant, for there are plenty of potential goddesses in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, and they often pass on to the studios to undergo the process of deification. To find a young woman who personified the

## ARTIST'S IDEAL OF THE GODDESS

among the lissom beauties from Italy was, no doubt, a difficult though far from a hopeless task; but to light on a suitable model for her dog seemed well-nigh an impossibility. Mr. Thornycroft achieved the "double event."

Now, the sculptor is not without a vein of superstition. He has a

## HORSESHOE OVER HIS STUDIO DOOR

to bring him good luck, and he is thoroughly convinced of the occult powers of the number thirteen—in fact, he can be trusted to induce a creepy sensation down the back of any sensitive listener to his stories of the weird possibilities of the baker's dozen. It was quite appropriate, therefore, that the hound he was seeking so anxiously should come to him unexpectedly and mysteriously. A dilapidated creature, but exactly the one he wanted. He rescued it from its enemies—a crowd of mischievous boys—took it home, and treated it kindly. The animal took quite naturally to its duties as model, and died on the very day that

## THE STATUE OF "ARTEMIS"

was finished. Such an incident could not fail to make an impression on the mind of the artist; but another sensation, less mystical and decidedly more pleasant, was that created by the Duke of Westminster when he commissioned Mr. Thornycroft to execute the statue in marble.

This graceful and poetic rendering of the huntress firmly established the sculptor's reputation.

## THORNYCROFT SENIOR GRADUALLY ABANDONED HIS WORK

and connection to the rising star, in whom the hereditary affinity for the chisel, transmitted to him from both parents, was too strong for the allurements of the torpedo that had seduced his father and brother and other members of his family. He had become a sculptor almost in spite of himself, and certainly in spite of his family. Brought up in the country, where he had developed a capacity for sport and a love of Nature, but no particular artistic inclinations, he had tacitly accepted the destiny that seemed in store for him—that of being an engineer. But the outlay of three-and-sixpence on a "Homer" illustrated by Flaxman led to the awakening of his dormant artistic spirit.

The work so captivated him that he determined on the career of an artist, and, his father having been persuaded to concede him a corner of his studio, he produced a figure of a dancing faun which showed so much ability and promise that he was at once granted admission to the Academy Schools, where he gained the seven years' studentship that enabled him to study the examples of ancient art in Rome.

In his early days he was absorbed by classic art, his devotion to which is evidenced in several notable works besides "Artemis," and among these attention is due to

## "THE TEUCER"

as an example of original composition representing an experiment in two simple rectangular lines, of which the horizontal one is formed by the outstretched arm of the archer, while the perpendicular one is given by his body.

Marble has delightful quality and texture; it is capable of a variety of lights and shadows and delicate half-tones, and in it, moreover, we may see the actual handiwork and touch of the sculptor. Of course, it is very expensive, but this is all the more reason why it should not be allowed to suffer from neglect. Something like

a thousand pounds for a block of Carrara is what Mr. Thornycroft and other sculptors are often called upon to pay, and then it is so hard to cut that, if the workmen can get through eight inches a-day, they may consider that they have done well. This will give some idea of the laborious nature of the profession.

Of course, Mr. Thornycroft has a number of assistants in his

## STUDIO IN MELBURY ROAD,

but none of them works harder than the sculptor himself, who in times of pressure will sometimes be hard at it for twelve hours a-day. A feature of his studio that was not available for Phidias is the hydraulic turn-table that enables him to examine his most weighty works from every point of view.

Mr. Thornycroft has represented a host of distinguished persons, and some of his portraiture may be seen in the show at Burlington House



MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo by Thomas Cheapside.



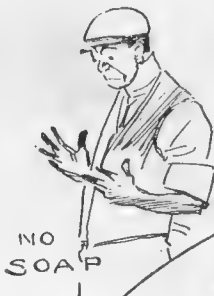
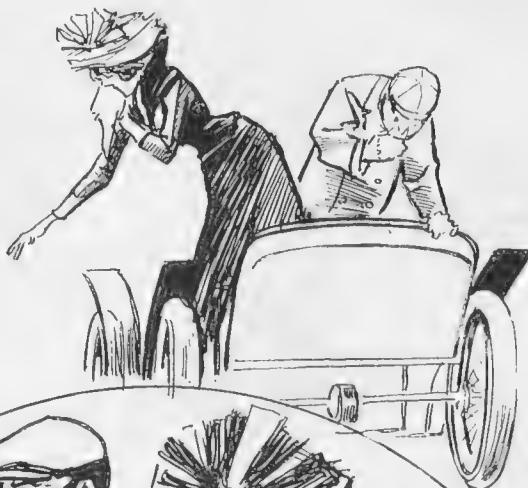
MDLLE. LIANE DE POUGY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH DANSEUSE.  
NOW APPEARING AT THE PALACE THEATRE IN A MYSTIC PANTOMIMIC SKETCH ENTITLED "LA YACHKA."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

# ADVENTURES WITH A MOTOR

HUM THAT OIL MUST HAVE GONE BAD



OR BETTER FOR WORSE



NO SOAP



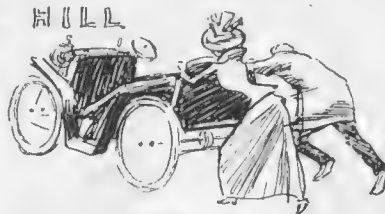
OUR FIRST LESSON IN DRIVING



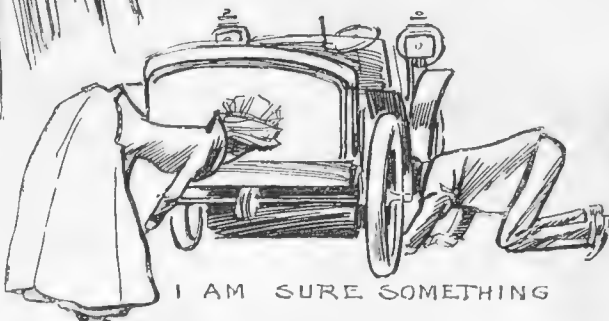
ALL RIGHT DOWN HILL



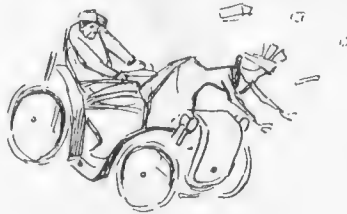
LET US GET AWAY FROM THAT OIL



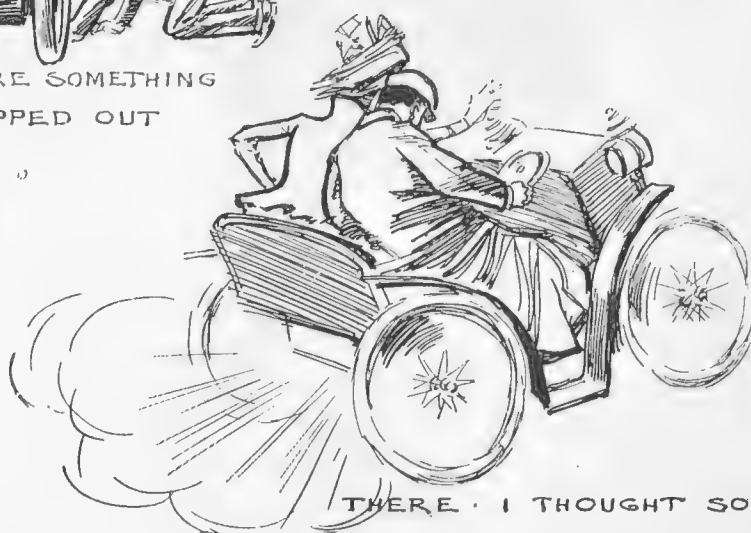
ALL WRONG UP HILL



I AM SURE SOMETHING DROPPED OUT



MY — WHAT A STRONG BREAK



THERE I THOUGHT SO

ROSS ASHTON

Direct Photo



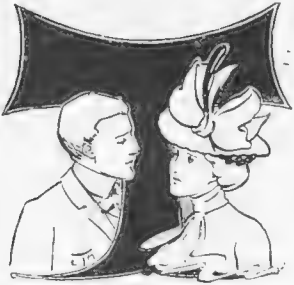
"RIVAL BLOOMERS": A BRITTANY SKETCH.

## AN OLD RECKONING.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[A particular interest attaches to this Story as being the last that the Author wrote before his lamented death.]

## I.



HE bright light of morning was streaming through the blind of a large bedroom in the Hoy Hotel, overlooking the green waters of Plymouth Sound, when a loud knocking was heard outside the bedroom door, and a voice exclaimed—

"Dick, Dick! Why the devil don't you open the door? Hurry up or you'll be late!"

Neither voice nor knocking elicited any response for some time from the solitary tenant of the chamber, who lay on his

back, breathing heavily, his two arms outstretched on the bed-clothes, and his pale face turned towards the sunshine, which crept nearer and nearer to the bedside. Not until the clamour had been continued for some minutes, and the whole house resounded with the echoes of the vigorous blows dealt on the door, did the sleeper begin to stir, yawn, open his heavy eyes, and listen drowsily.

"Dick, me dear boy! Is it dead ye are or sleeping? Sure, its past ten o'clock and a sunny morning! Up with ye and answer, or, by the soul of St. Patrick, I'll break down the door!"

Thus invoked, Dick muttered stupidly to himself, rubbed his eyes, and, rolling rather than jumping out of bed, unlocked the door; then, before it was half open, plunged back among the blankets, rolled himself up like a hound, closed his eyes, and tumbled off again into a heavy sleep or dose.

A little, red-faced man in a high-hat and tight military coat entered quickly, and, approaching the bedside, poked at the sleeper impatiently with a Malacca-cane.

"Dick, ye devil!" he cried, in a strong Irish brogue. "Bedad, he's snoring again already! Wake up now, will ye, or shall I strip the bed-clothes off ye and lave ye mother naked? It's a shame and a sin to be sleeping here like a pig, on the very morning when the boys are waiting to dance at Letitia's wedding!"

"Go to blazes!" muttered Dick, turning over and groaning heavily.

"Is it the liquor that's still in ye, Dick? For shame, man! Leap out of bed like a lark, and put on your wedding-clothes, or, as sure as my name's Milligan, I'll go right away to the church and give away the bride myself!"

At last, by dint of infinite objurgations, Dick was persuaded to sit upright in bed, while his Milesian friend drew up the blinds and let in the full light of the golden day, which, streaming broadly into the room, made the occupant of the bed blink like an owl. As he sat there, rubbing his eyes and muttering, he looked sufficiently disreputable; but his face was young and handsome, his complexion excellent, despite the inroads of dissipation, and the eyes a dull but ethereal blue. His age might have been anything under thirty, for his face, being clean-shaven with the exception of a silken moustache, gave him the look of youth. He had an elegant though faded air, even in his deshabelle, and his hands were white and beautifully formed.

"I was dreaming I was being hung," he murmured at last, "and, now I am awake, I find it's much the same thing. Confound the light—how it blinds me! And confound your punch, Milligan—my brain's reeling with it still!"

Milligan laughed loudly.

"Up with ye, and douse your head in the basin—that'll sober ye!" he added, looking round the room, which was strewn wildly with articles of male apparel. "Sure, the room's like the field of Salamanca after the carrion crows had eaten the bodies and left only the clothes, bad luck to them!"

A few minutes later, Dick was standing in trousers and shirt before the looking-glass. A chambermaid had brought a tray laden with brandy and soda-water, and Dick, after refreshing himself with a copious draught, was trying to shave. But the razor trembled in his hand and he shook all over like a leaf. In this emergency, Milligan volunteered his services, and, placing his friend in a chair, deftly completed the dangerous operation.

"There, now," he said, putting down the razor, "ye look like yourself, Dick."

"I look more like an imp of darkness," returned Dick, rising and peering into the glass. "A pretty picture, by Jove! There, get out and let me finish dressing! Wait for me in the coffee-room."

Milligan obeyed the mandate and went away.

In a quarter-of-an-hour Dick was in full wedding-costume, clean-washed, clean-shaven, scented and perfumed. In his elegant frock-coat, white waistcoat, buff trousers, and faultless boots and gloves, he looked quite a modern Adonis. He was certainly very handsome, but there was

something cold-blooded and sinister in his beauty, and his fine blue eyes had a cold, steel-like sparkle not altogether pleasant to behold. A gorgeous diamond, real or paste, glittered in his neck-cloth, showy rings sparkled on his white fingers, and his watch-chain was resplendent.

Captain the Hon. Richard Saville (to give this young man the benefit of his full title) was as good-looking a fellow and as thorough a rogue as ever fluttered the feminine dove-cots in a garrison-town, but he was just then unattached and had by no means an enviable reputation. His friend and best man, Major Septimus Milligan, belonged to the —th regiment of Fusiliers, then quartered in Plymouth. Both gentlemen were well acquainted with games of chance and the bottle, but the Captain was solitary in his supremacy as a lady-killer. The younger son of an impecunious and not too reputable Peer, he had drained life to the dregs at six-and-twenty, and, had petty roguery and larceny been capital offences, might have been hung at any time during the past six or seven years as a person dangerous to the public order and the morals of society.

Descending to the coffee-room, he found the Major waiting impatiently.

"The carriage is at the door, Dick! It's past eleven, and Letitia will be getting impatient!"

"All right!" answered the Captain. Then, taking Milligan by the elbow and looking into his face with an evil smile, he said, with a wink, "After to-day's business, I shall make tracks for the Continent. I don't want to interfere with the happiness of the bridegroom, poor devil!"

Milligan grinned wickedly.

"Sure, I envy him! Letitia's a match for a Prince, let alone a beggarly strolling player."

"Humph!" muttered Saville, while his face darkened. "I don't half trust Letitia, though. She's bothered with a delicate conscience, and is certain to let the cat out of the bag sooner or later."

"Not trust your own charming sister?" cried the other, with another malicious grin.

"No, confound her! Well, never mind; the sooner it's over, the better. Come along!"

The two men left the hotel, and entered a carriage which stood at the door, with two fine greys in front of it, and a coachman, with a white satin rosette on his coat, seated on the box. They drove rapidly away into the town, and alighted presently at a dingy house in a side-street, in the lower window of which was a scroll with the words "Furnished Apartments."

A stout, elderly woman opened the door.

"Is my sister ready?" asked Saville, entering with his companion.

"Quite ready, Captain," answered the woman; "and, oh! don't she look lovely in her wedding-dress!"

Hastening up a flight of narrow stairs, Saville entered a faded little drawing-room on the first-floor. Seated near the window was a lady in bridal white, who sprang up on his entrance with an impatient cry.

She was tall and dark, with bold black eyes, dark eyebrows, and a brilliant complexion. Her eyes were swollen as if with weeping. A very handsome woman, with a mature figure splendidly rounded and formed, but an expression on her face not quite like the modest expression of a vestal virgin.

"You are here at last!" she cried. "I was going to send to you to tell you that there should be no marriage, after all. I *can't* do it! Dick, he'll kill me when he knows the truth!"

"He'll never know it!" replied Saville sharply. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Letitia! I tell you, it's all for the best!"

"It is infamous!" cried the lady, with a great sob. "Dick, for God's sake, break it off!"

"Too late for that! Here, Milligan, speak to my sister, and tell her there's no time to lose."

While Letitia threw herself into a chair and began to cry violently, the Major advanced and talked to her eagerly in a whisper. The further conversation of the three people does not concern the reader. It is enough to state here that, after a few minutes, Letitia rose with the air of a person resigned to her fate.

"Well, I'll do as you please," she murmured bitterly; "but, mark my words, evil will come of it. Poor Tom!"

"Happy Tom, you mean," said the Major gallantly. "Sure, he's a lucky man! If I hadn't a brace of wives of me own, one in County Limerick and the other in Philadelphi, wouldn't I jump out of me jacket to take his place!"

Out from the dingy lodging into the sunshine went the two men and the bride, accompanied now by a slatternly young lady in pink, the daughter of the landlady of the house, pressed into the service at short notice to act as bridesmaid. The church was close at hand. On driving up to the porch, they heard the bells ringing and saw a small crowd collected, and they were greeted with a feeble cheer.

Inside the church the bridegroom was waiting. He was a tall, thoughtful-looking young man of three- or four-and-twenty, with a clear-cut, handsome face, gentle and ingenuous, but not without traces of latent determination. This was Tom Cardonald, of the Plymouth Theatre, an actor by profession, but a gentleman by nature and education. At sight of the bride, his face lightened up to a smile of singular beauty, and it was clear that where his hand was about to be given his heart had been given freely and fondly already.

A little, clean-shaven gentleman, with a melancholy expression of countenance, was the best man. He was well known on the Plymouth Circuit as the funniest of low-comedians. The bridegroom's party was completed by several dingy ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession—the gentlemen not too *distingué*, and the ladies very good-humoured and exceedingly shabby-genteel.

The service proceeded. The organ played, and the bride and bridegroom, advancing up the aisle, knelt together before the white-robed clergyman at the altar.

"If any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, &c." No one made a sign.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?"

"I will!" answered Thomas Cardonald the bridegroom.

"I will!" answered Letitia Saville the bride, in tones that were scarcely audible and choked with tears.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

"I," said Richard Saville; "I give this woman, my sister."

Then, after the joining and the loosing of hands, the bridegroom placed the ring on the bride's finger, saying—

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, &c. Amen."

## II.

Out from the dark church again into the open sunshine went the wedding-party, driving merrily down to the Hoya Hotel, where a capital wedding-breakfast was laid out at the expense of the brother of the bride. All save the bride herself, who had passed from a state of hysterical weeping into a curious gloom and sullenness of demeanour, were full of mirth and jollity. But surely it was only natural for the lady to feel, as brides must and will, the sadness of the situation! The bridegroom, however, was radiant, full of youth and happiness.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was given by Major Milligan, in a speech full of Irish humour and tenderness. Another officer, one of several who had joined the company, drank to the bride's loving brother and last legal protector, Captain Richard Saville. The best man, a droll dog on the stage, but a poor extempore speaker, returned thanks dimly and briefly after a tipsy young Sub-Lieutenant had proposed the ladies.

Presently the bride, accompanied by her brother, went back to her lodgings to prepare for her wedding journey and to await the coming of her husband. While the champagne was flowing and tongues were chattering gaily in the room where the wedding-breakfast was spread, this was what took place in the dingy lodging-house drawing-room:

Letitia, with the assistance of the landlady, had exchanged her white dress for a showy travelling-costume, her trunks and personal luggage had been carried away to the railway station, and the brother and sister were at last left together to say a final farewell before the bridegroom came.

The woman looked at the man, who stood pale as death and nervously twirling his moustache; then, with a wild cry, she threw her arms about his neck.

"Dick, for God's sake, don't carry this thing through! It will break my heart!"

"Nonsense!" answered Saville, with an oath; "women's hearts are not so easily broken. You know well enough the fellow takes your fancy. Yes, by thunder! you were fond enough of spooning on him and making eyes at him; so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone—indulge your whim and save myself from ruin."

"I'll kill myself! Yes, I will!"

"Oh no, you won't!" said the other, quietly pushing her off and lighting a cigar. "You'll be happy enough, I know. Then, if you like, you can carry out your old whim and go upon the stage. He'll coach you!"

Her tears ceased, and, with set teeth and heaving bosom, she gazed into the cruel, handsome face before her. Despite the loathing, admiration and love were also blent in her regard.

"Dick, you're a devil! Yes, a cold-blooded, heartless devil! And after all I've been to you!"

"It's for our mutual convenience!" he cried. "What a fool you must be not to see it! I promised to settle you in life, and, by Jove, I've done it!"

"And you? What will you do?"

"Lord knows! I'm about as clean-broke as a man can be. I mean to try the Cape, and I don't much care if I drown on the passage over!"

"You never loved me—never!"

"Oh yes, I did, and I like you still, awfully, only this little arrangement is what the parsons call inevitable. You'll forget all about me soon enough! Come, shake hands and say good-bye!"

A double-knock at the street-door announced the bridegroom's arrival. Rushing eagerly upstairs, Tom Cardonald found the brother and sister standing side-by-side, both comparatively calm. He ran up to Letitia, caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. She tried to shrink away from his embrace, but it was impossible.

"My darling! My wife!"

"Don't mind me!" said Saville drily, with a curious smile.

"Of course we don't!" cried Tom cheerily. "Letty, my darling, are you ready?"

With her face set like that of one being led to the scaffold, Letitia suffered herself to be led to the carriage which stood at the door. She stepped in and her husband seated himself by her side. Dick, cigar in mouth, stood on the kerbstone, cool enough, but still very pale.

"Good-bye, old fellow!" cried Tom, shaking his hand. "We shall see you again soon. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"Good-bye, Tom! Good-bye, Letitia!"

One last shake of the hand, one last reproachful look from the bride's livid face, and the carriage drove away. Captain the Hon. Richard Saville turned on his heel and walked up the street. "No time to lose," he muttered. "The little bill for the wedding-breakfast can wait, and I must leave Plymouth to-night."

Meantime, the bridal couple, seated side-by-side alone, were approaching the railway station. Cardonald drew his wife fondly to him and kissed her face, which was white and cold as marble.

"Oh, Tom!" she sighed faintly, "do you love me very much?"

"Much? More than my life! But why are you so sad? See how bright all is, and you, my darling, should be bright too. Letty, what ails you?"

"I don't know! Don't ask me! Only——"

"Only what, my love?"

"Only this: May God forgive me for marrying you! I am not worthy to be your wife!"

He laughed, not understanding, and kissed her again and again. The train was just about to start when they reached the railway station. Entering a first-class compartment which had been reserved for them, they left Plymouth.

(To be concluded next week.)

## GARDEN FÊTE AND SALE OF WORK.

On behalf of the Rebuilding Fund of Christ Church, North Brixton, a Garden Fête and Sale of Work will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 3, 4, and 5, in the Vicarage Grounds, Cancell Road, Vassall Road. The Band of the 4th Volunteer Battalion (The Queen's) Royal West Surrey Regiment will be in attendance on the first afternoon, and Mandoline Bands under the direction of Mrs. Robinson and Miss Monks will perform each afternoon and evening.



"It is infamous!" cried the lady, with a great sob. "Dick, for God's sake, break it off!"

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Eight Men in a Boat (to say Nothing of the Coxswain)—Painless Henley—The Thames as an Exclusive Stream—The Corpse Problem—Workmen's Dwellings and the Overcrowding of the Rich—The Angles from Londinium and the Tamesis—The Open-Air Cure—Living-In and Living-Out—The Moorish Embassy and the Thames.*

HENLEY is freer from acute misery than any other London amusement. It does not occur in a fevered atmosphere at three in the morning, when all respectable people should be in bed. One has not the guilty feeling that Parliament has met a day earlier specially to allow an extra day for debating whether it shall adjourn over the Regatta or not. It is a harmless, unsectarian gala. Betting has not invaded it. There is the pleasurable excitement—so difficult to find in modern life—of the imminent danger of being drowned or maimed for life in a collision. The punts drive over the skiffs, and the stean-launches ram both. In fact, fun and laughter are universal. Here, one need not even pretend to take an interest in the racing, provided one avoids the friends of the competitors. One can devote oneself exclusively to eating and drinking and discussing the general situation with the fair sex.

Formerly, the river was a vulgar fluid. It was used by the lower classes for traffic, love-making, suicide, washing, and other coarse purposes. This season it is a thoroughly smart liquid, a respectable geographical feature. The Thames, which used to be the last bathing-resort of the bankrupt, is now the refuge of the millionaire. Duchesses do it the honour of dipping their hands into it, and American financiers are beginning to think it worth buying up *en bloc*, with lines of steamships complete.

Rents have risen so high in consequence along the river that a dirty workman's cottage is out of the reach of anyone except a Park Lane millionaire. A Society leaderess was surprised the other day to find, on taking a Thames-side residence, that her scullery-maid knew her way about, and asked her "whether she had ever been in the house before." "Yes, Ma'am, it's my father's!" was the unexpected answer. Who says the agricultural districts are becoming depopulated and the grand old county aristocracy has disappeared? True, the poor country hind is turned out of his home, but can he not, if he likes, put up a little hut in Piccadilly Circus or some other deserted locality and fence off a little garden without anyone saying him nay? Old County Council employés are constantly pensioned off in this way for life.

Thus history repeats itself, and the Angles go back to their wooden tents on the banks of the Thames, where breathing and sleep are not the expensive luxuries they are in Londinium, and prepare to repel the invasion of Pierpont the Contractor and his followers. Strolling minstrels from the musical-comedy companies chant of love and sing to us the news of our braves at the War. Court Jesters come on board our trusty house-boats and crack their jocund funniments at the salary of an Archbishop. No wonder the workman's-dwelling problem is being charitably taken up by the wealthy classes!

Camping-out along the river is quite a rage this year. There is no more agonising way of enjoying oneself. Provided you do not infringe the laws of trespass, pitch near a mad bull, be bitten by mosquitoes or snakes, or burgled in the night, there is the commissariat difficulty. The tea is smoky river-water and mud, the soup diluted blue-bottles, and the jam gets mixed up unrecognisably with the sausages and the lobster-salad. By the second day the cooking has degenerated into a frantic but indolent boiling of everything in water. The menu gradually reduces itself to sandwiches and sardines for every course of every meal.

The smoke from the fire is of a peculiarly suffocating nature and always blows steadily in the direction in which the party is sitting—a phenomenon never yet accounted for by the great scientific men. In a dry season, the surrounding underwood is set alight and you are arrested for arson. You plunge into the river for a morning dip and come up in the middle of a party of tramps taking their biennial wash. Hastily making for the bank, you collide with the corpse of a jilted person or the above-mentioned bankrupt. The tent never blows away on a sunny afternoon, when it would be amusing, but on a chilly night during a thunderstorm. The whole thing is an "adventure," and therefore uncomfortable; but, then, it is "a change" (just as going to jail would be, or having typhoid-fever). And the cost, after all, is not much more than twice as great as that of a first-class hotel.

There was an Irishman who was shown Niagara and asked whether it was not a wonderful sight to see that body of water coming over. He answered, "What's to prevent it coming over?" Thames scenery has fallen quite as flat on the Moorish Embassy. They were shown one of the most lovely "river bits" the other day under the influence of a sunset without the slightest effect. It appears that the Moorish mind is not affected by scenery. One of the officials, indeed, seemed wrapped in the most profound meditation. But it turned out that, though indifferent to its valuable washing properties, he was pondering on the probable price of the river per pint if transported to the interior of Morocco!

HILL ROWAN.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A QUESTION of considerable interest to reviewers arises out of the promised litigation between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine. As everyone knows, "The Eternal City" is to be published by Mr. Heinemann in August. If, as is, of course, generally supposed, Mr. Hall Caine includes in the story the passages objected to by Messrs. Pearson, and if the action is still pending at the time of the publication of the book, will the reviewers be at liberty to criticise it with any freedom? The matter will be *sub judice*, and I suppose any discussion of the general tendency, moral or otherwise, of the story might be taken as prejudicing the case, and therefore as Contempt of Court. At the same time, it is obvious that any review which neglects this aspect of the book will be entirely inadequate. The law on these points is, of course, so complicated that it is difficult to speak with decision, and a legal friend to whom I have spoken of the matter will commit himself only so far as to say that, if a review be written, it should be written with considerable caution—which is just about as far as legal friends will ever go. Perhaps Mr. Heinemann, who has before now indemnified booksellers, will indemnify the poor reviewer. It is a piquant situation.

There is considerable discussion at present as to the effect of the huge successes of fiction in America upon the royalties of the English author. It was started, I suppose, by a well-known American publisher, who, on his return to the United States, was reported to have said that before long America was going to swamp the English market. I have discussed in another place the position as it affects the English author. One thing is at least certain—that is, that even Mr. Pierpont Morgan would fail to form a Trust in literary taste, and that the essential differences between the book-reading publics in England and America are such that, at least for a good many years to come, there is little chance of the great American "booms" being repeated in this country.

I have the greatest respect for America, but I think all who have read the dozen or so novels which have lately been selling in the States by hundreds of thousands will admit that, under no conceivable circumstances, could their successes be repeated on this side of the Atlantic. I will go further, and say that there are several novels which have sold considerably over a hundred thousand in the United States which would not have sold ten thousand copies in this country.

At present, fiction absolutely holds the field in America. I am told that great piles of from one hundred to five hundred copies of Winston Churchill's new story, "The Crisis," had the most prominent position in nearly every dry-goods store in New York on the day of publication. Here is undoubtedly the secret of the recent enormous sales of fiction. It is women who buy novels, and it is women, I suppose, who frequent dry-goods stores. They don't go there to buy books, but—other articles, and when they see great placards, "The latest success; published at one dollar and a-half: 98 cents," the whole female instinct rises against the enormity of neglecting the chance of such a bargain.

There are queer stories afloat in America with regard to some of these fabulously circulated books. One novel, which reached a circulation of over two hundred thousand, was written according to a recipe supplied by an enterprising publisher to an author who had had little or no success with his previous attempts at fiction. I need not go through the whole list of ingredients, but it is obvious that the author was instructed to take a good supply of Anthony Hope, add a faint *soupeon* of Marie Corelli and a slight flavour of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the whole to be boiled into a state of absolute innocuousness. The book was served with the *sauce piquante* of terrific advertisement, and seemed to suit the taste of quite a number of people. But, then, as I said before, the taste of Americans is not that of Englishmen.

There can be no doubt that the new author has a far better chance in America than in this country, especially if she is a young girl just out of her teens possessing a presentable photograph. I am afraid, however, that there is at least one case on record where the fascinating young lady's novel, extolled in two-column advertisements and in multi-coloured signs in the street-cars, was considerably re-touched by her mother before it reached the hands of the susceptible American public.

A little book of considerable interest to bibliophiles, and especially Balzac students, is to be published immediately in France. It is called "Balzac, the Printer," and contains a full account of Balzac's disastrous business speculations. In 1826, Balzac entered into partnership with one Barbier as a printer. He was responsible for the business part of the undertaking, Barbier supplying the technical knowledge. Although Balzac was then twenty-seven, and had been for some years in the office of a notary and lawyer, the books of MM. Balzac and Barbier, which are still in existence, show that he was then, as he was to the end of his life, a most deplorable man of business. It is one of the strange contradictions of Balzac's genius that, while he showed himself in his novels intimately acquainted with the ins-and-outs of business life and with the intricacies of figures, he was never himself anything more than a bungler when it came to his own affairs. The first piece of printing done by Balzac was a prospectus of certain pills manufactured by a Parisian chemist. In less than two years the firm had lost over fifty thousand francs. To retrieve his fortunes, Balzac became for a short while a printing-type manufacturer, a certain "M.D." finding the necessary money. In less than a year this business, too, was in liquidation.

O. O.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## ROUND THE THEATRES.

THE success of the season is "The Second in Command." A minority of the critics may have called it "Robertson and Sugar," but the majority was with the public, and welcomed Captain Marshall's piece as one of the sweetest, prettiest, and purest of our days, tender in its love-treatment, tactful in its military scenes, delightful in simple humours. There, indeed, we have a truly English comedy played in really British style.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE

has made an ineffaceable impression by his charming performance as the self-sacrificing, middle-aged Major, in whom, no doubt, without any suggestion of plagiarism, most playgoers get an idea of our old friend Major Dobbin. It is needless to insist on the success of Mr. Allan Aynesworth or Miss Sybil Carlisle, who has suddenly come to the front, whilst Miss Fanny Coleman stands out as almost unique in her important line. Additional interest will be given very shortly to the play by the appearance of Miss Winifred Emery, who will get a superb reception.

## THE LYCEUM.

Sir Henry Irving and his popular partner in art are duly preserving the Lyceum standard of art, and the latest revival of importance, "Charles the First," superbly played by the principals, is being received with very great favour, and Mr. J. H. Barnes once more has made a "hit." This season, indeed, at the Lyceum is particularly agreeable in that it shows both Sir Henry and Miss Ellen Terry acting with greater brilliance than during several preceding years.

## THE TWO FRENCH ACTRESSES.

What more need be said of Her Majesty's than that the inimitable Bernhardt and famous Coquelin are presenting this week "Phèdre" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules" as well as other popular plays? The success of Réjane has been immense, and the painful play, "La Course du Flambeau," illuminated by her splendid acting, has produced a very deep impression, whilst in the other works of her répertoire she and an excellent company have drawn crowded houses to the Coronet in Notting Hill.

## "SWEET AND TWENTY."

Reaction against the problem-play seems really the note of the moment, since Captain Hood's play, "Sweet and Twenty"—perhaps the "second-in-command" of the season—is entirely free from vexed or vexing questions. Tears—idle, agreeable tears—are shed nightly over the pretty, pathetic story treated admirably by the brilliant librettist of "The Emerald Isle," a comic opera worthy to figure even in the history of the Savoy Theatre; and, on the other hand, the humours of "the odd man" cause plenty of laughter. The exquisite Ellaline Terriss and her brilliant husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, of course, are of immense value in a cast that also possesses such valuable players as Miss Mary Rorke and Messrs. Blinn, Beveridge, and Emney.

## "THE WILDERNESS."

Next, but by no means least, one thinks of Mr. Esmond's beautiful drama, "The Wilderness," which aims higher than most plays, and is remarkable for skill of execution and because it inspires the players, for Miss Eva Moore outshines herself as the heroine, and Mr. George Alexander plays with greater enthusiasm than for some time past. To say that the rest of the company fully reach the St. James's Theatre standard is to be rich in praise.

## "SAN TOY" AND OTHERS.

What a host of musico-dramatic works, beginning, of course, with "The Emerald Isle," a seniority due to dignity of purpose and loftiness of accomplishment and absolute charm and beauty, then following with "San Toy," entitled to pride of place by virtue of longevity as well as prettiness and delicacy of style! Afterwards, one hardly knows in what order should be named the two lively American pieces—"The Fortune-Teller," with the brilliantly versatile Alice Nielsen; "The Girl from Up There," with Miss Edna May, the girl from over there who has won all our hearts right here. "The Toreador," latest and most gorgeous recruit to the ranks of musical comedy, has started so brilliantly as to

assure a great success to the last work in the Gaiety Theatre so long associated in the mind of playgoers with mirth and lively dancing. "The Silver Slipper" has to be reckoned with, and in the curious blend of celestial and terrestrial scenes and the inexhaustible humours of Mr. Willie Edouin, with dulcet musical embellishments by Leslie Stuart, there is matter for every taste.

## THE LIGHTER DRAMA.

"The Man from Blankley's," "A Lady from Texas," "The Night of the Party," and "Women are So Serious"—queer collection of titles—form a group well calculated to give capital light entertainment to laughter-lovers, and they present some admirable pieces of acting, such, for instance, as Mr. Grossmith's finely characteristic, richly humorous study of the impudent valet, and Mr. Hawtreys's perfect study of the fish-out-of-water—the Lord among the bourgeois—in the ingenious dinner-party play that brings Mr. Anstey forward as a dramatist; whilst Mr. Fred Kerr's work at the Court, and the brilliant playing of Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Constance Collier at the same house, and the clever acting by Mr. Leonard Boyne, the philanderer, in the lively play by our new lady dramatist, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, must be mentioned. "The Case of Rebellious Susan," in which the irresistible Wyndham is playing superbly, of course, is proving a great and meritorious attraction and causes laughter long and loud.

SADA YACCO AND ARTHUR ROBERTS.

To complete the survey, one must speak of "the Japs," with the remarkable actress, Sada Yacco, whose talent has caused hearty admiration, and of Mr. Arthur Roberts, the irresponsible comedian of amazing energy and versatility, a real host in himself, helped cleverly by two very charming young ladies, Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Florence Perry. So, taking the theatres all round, there is abundance of capital entertainment for all classes of playgoers. One last word. In the many theatres spoken of, English drama so far holds its own that, putting aside "the Japs," the two French actresses, one adaptation, and two American pieces, this intensely cosmopolitan city, at the moment when strangers throng, is offering English plays acted by English players.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS BECKY SHARP.

Mr. David Balsillie's stage adaptation of "Vanity Fair" was, a few days ago, produced so successfully at Croydon by Miss Annie Hughes that arrangements are in progress for bringing the play to a West-End theatre. At the moment of going to press, I hear that this play—"Becky Sharp" by name—will, in all probability, go to the Globe, after Mr. Arthur Roberts, who has arranged to shift "H.M.S. *Irresponsible*" thereto, ends his season there. If this arrangement comes to pass, Mr. Curzon will be finding homes for both Becky Sharps, for he has fixed for Miss Marie Tempest's "Vanity Fair" play to be produced at the Prince of Wales's.

## WHEN MRS. LANGTRY GOES A-TOURING.

as she will while Mr. Herbert Waring runs a four months' season at the lovely new Imperial Theatre, she will receive from her new manager, Mr. Fred Mouillot, the nice little salary of two hundred pounds per week!

By the way, Miss Jeanne Langtry, who has a gift for music, has written the music for a song called "My Rose," words by Mr. George Miles. It has been orchestrated by Mr. Alfred Leith-Carpenter, who is Mr. Weedon Grossmith's conductor at the Avenue Theatre.

## GEORGE EDWARDES AND THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Some time ago, I warned *Sketch* readers to prepare to find Mr. George Edwardes soon taking possession of yet another West-End theatre. I have now to state that this prediction was verified a few days ago, when Mr. Edwardes signed to take the beautiful new Apollo Theatre over from Mr. Lowenfeld at the expiration of Mr. Martin Harvey's season there. Mr. Edwardes' first production at the Apollo will be the musical play I lately mentioned—the one at present called "Three Little Maids."

## GROSVENOR HOSPITAL MATINÉE.

On behalf of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, a rather audacious venture was made, since Mr. R. C. Carton's comedy, "The Home Secretary," was presented, and presented well, by an amateur company at the St. James's last week.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, WHO IS STILL STARRING AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. CHARLES KENSINGTON SALAMAN, the veteran composer, died at his residence in Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, on the 23rd of June, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a most interesting man, and had during his long life been intimate with most of the musical celebrities of the past generation. Opera-singers, composers, pianists, and other instrumental performers from all parts of Europe visited the popular song-composer, who since his eightieth year had written two or three charming melodies. In his early life, Mr. Salaman was professionally trained at the Royal Academy of Music, and at fourteen he appeared in public as a pianist. Many of his songs produced in the prime of life are still heard in our concert-rooms. He was a keen lover of the Great Masters, and was the first to play the lovely G-minor Pianoforte Concerto of Mendelssohn in London after the composer. When at Rome he introduced Beethoven to the amateurs of the Eternal City. Until within a short time of his death he retained his skill as a pianist. He will be affectionately remembered



THE LATE CHARLES K. SALAMAN,  
MUSICAL COMPOSER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

by the entire musical world, which will also sympathise with his son, an acute dramatic critic, in his bereavement. His funeral took place on the Thursday following his death, at the Jewish Cemetery, Golder's Green, Hendon, near his brother-in-law and sister, Sir John and Lady Simon.

#### THE POPULARITY OF GOUNOD'S "FAUST"

probably surpasses that of any other opera. It has just been performed in Vienna for the four hundredth time. The Paris representations have reached nearly one thousand. When produced in this country it was some time before the opera "caught on." Now, "Faust" is more frequently played at the Royal Opera than any work in the repertoire. This delightfully melodious opera was performed once again at Covent Garden last Thursday, in lieu of "Les Huguenots," which had suddenly to be postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Mdle. Breval.

#### MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY,

one of the most picturesque of our younger actors, and a clever dramatist into the bargain, has been displaying considerable versatility at Birmingham, where he has been notably successful as David Garrick, as the Duke of Gloucester, and as Don Cesar de Bazan. Managers should keep an eye on Mr. Saintsbury's romantic play, "The King of the Huguenots."

#### "THE COMPOSER'S SOUL,"

a new and original four-act comedy, written by Mr. E. Way Elkington (assisted technically by Mr. William Burchill) for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, was copyrighted recently at the Royalty Theatre.

#### MISS CLAYTON THOMAS AND MISS EDA NICHOLS

will give a vocal and dramatic recital, under the direction of Miss Alice E. Joseph, at the Salle Erard, on July 12, at three o'clock. The first-named

lady is a soprano who has sung with great success in the United States, and has lately developed a decided talent for composition, her "Japanese Love-Song" having gone through eleven editions. Miss Eda Nichols is a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and has recited with great success in the United States.

#### A COLLECTION OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS

of considerable value, formed by the late Mr. Charles John Wylie, will be sold at Sotheby's, Wellington Street, Strand, on July 15. Special attention is called to the sale, as this fine series of rare Engravings, Miniatures, and Water-Colour Drawings should be of great interest to many readers of *The Sketch*.

#### A GRAND NAVAL AND MILITARY CONCERT

will take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon next, the 6th of July, in aid of the leading Service Charities. This musical entertainment will be quite unique and on the largest scale. There will be a massed band of over six hundred musicians from twenty of the crack regiments. The leading vocalists will comprise Miss Margaret Macintyre, Miss Marie Brema, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Santley, and Signor Ancona. Eckersherf's "Battle of Waterloo" will be given, and the effect will be enhanced by firing artillery in the Palace grounds. The Charge of the Light Brigade will be sounded on the identical trumpet used at Balaclava. Colonel Barrington-Foote, of Kneller Hall, says that he does not think the opportunity of hearing such a band will ever again occur. Tickets, one guinea and half-a-guinea, may be obtained from the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Mrs. Ronalds, 7, Cadogan Place, or at any box-office. The General Committee comprises the names of the *élite* of London Society, and the concert should be a huge success.

#### ROUND THE HALLS.

The reference to Mdle. Liane de Pougy's sprained ankle in last week's *Sketch* Interview with this fascinating Parisienne prepared the multitude that filled the Palace Theatre for the disappointment experienced on the night of her debut. It would be unfair to criticise the charming dancer's first appearance, as she was obviously suffering from her accident. But her radiant beauty excited much admiration.

At the Empire Theatre the programme is very strong. The "Great Henri French" is quite one of the cleverest conjurers of the Chinese type. I have seen his fish-catching in mid-air, and his marvellous black-boy-producing cylinders are alone worth a visit; while the Kremo Family in their triple somersault Acts defy all power of description. The Australian soprano, Miss Ada Colley, is more remarkable as regards the extent of her voice-register than for its melodiousness.

At the Alhambra, La Belle Tortajada and the very beautiful grand ballet, "Inspiration," with an interesting series of Biograph pictures, are the chief items, but there are no better "turns" of their respective kind in London.

Messrs. Donald Hall and Frank Haskoll gave an excellent concert at St. James's Hall last week.

#### MARIE LLOYD AT MELBOURNE.

Miss Marie Lloyd, conspicuous by her absence from the London Variety stage, on which she has long been a favourite, is now amusing our Australian kith and kin. Naturally, the arrival at Melbourne of this popular prima donna of "the Halls" did not escape the attention of one of the many courteous *Sketch* Correspondents ever ready to forward snapshots of interest to 198, Strand. La Belle Marie is represented in the first view as landing from the Royal Mail Steamer *Omrah* at the busy capital of Victoria. The other photograph shows Miss Marie Lloyd and Mr. Alec Hurley (another shining light of the London Music Halls) posing to *The Sketch* Snapshottist on board the tender at Fremantle.



MISS MARIE LLOYD LANDING FROM THE R.M.S. "OMRAH" AT  
MELBOURNE.



MISS MARIE LLOYD AND MR. ALEC HURLEY ON BOARD THE  
TENDER AT FREMANTLE.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*In Leafy Lanes—Gilbert White's Selborne—Picturesque Liphook—The Matter of Drink—Toe-Rests—Changeable Gears—Bicycle-Yachting—Riding in Parties.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 3, 9.18; Thursday, 9.17; Friday, 9.17; Saturday, 9.16; Sunday, 9.16; Monday, 9.16; Tuesday, 9.15.

Let me revert to one of my favourite topics—the advantages and delights of cycling through lanes and the avoidance of the great highways. I have just been spending a week-end with a friend, who has



FROM PARIS TO BERLIN BY MOTOR-CAR: THE PRESIDENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB IN HIS MOTOR-CAR, "GIANT SNAIL."

*Photo by André Borie, Paris.*

a house down in the neighbourhood of Godalming. On Sunday we spent the entire day taking a zigzag route and missing the high-roads as much as possible. I do not like to think how many years it is since I, a long, raw-boned Northerner, came South and obtained my first glimpse of the beauties of Surrey and Sussex. I fell in love with the whole countryside as a young man falls in love with a pretty girl. But my admiration has never waned. I have been in many show-places of the world, and yet I can honestly write there is no place so beautiful where one may have a happy day of cycling as around Surrey or Sussex or through undulating Hampshire. The whole country is a mass of luscious beauty.

We dawdled over the border of Hants, passing Chawton, where lived Jane Austen, and where, as a mere girl, she started writing one of our classics, "Pride and Prejudice." Then we went on to the drowsy old village, Selborne—Gilbert White's Selborne, a handful of picturesque cottages lovingly resting in the shade of a wood. Selborne is a village that will be known as long as the English language lasts. We turned up for tea at Selborne, and might have taken entire possession of the local hotel, for not a soul was about, until by hallooing and stamping we aroused the young Misses from their novel-reading and persuaded them to get us tea. Then away by by-lanes we scudded over an edge of Woolmer Forest on to Liphook, with its fine old inn which has played a not unimportant part in English history. You will find it mentioned in Pepys's "Diary"; you may be shown the room where Queen Victoria, as a little girl, lunched, and you will appreciate why this bit of Hampshire was beloved by Charles Dickens. One of the charms about England is that every corner has its characteristic, so that the man who goes out to see as well as to take exercise never lacks finding plenty that is interesting.

The wise cyclist drinks nothing at all. But as it is out of the scope of ordinary human nature to be always wise, we, when getting thirsty, must drink. I have mentioned several drinks that are suitable for cyclists. The great thing, however, is to avoid spirits and beer and to be sparing with whatever you do take. But I would, in all kindness, offer a little homily to my friends the keepers of country hostleries. You, my hosts, provide us with delightful inns that are more picturesque than any others on the face of the earth. You charge us a good deal more than we would have to pay in France or Germany for a meal; but that we do not much mind, because we are in good spirits and out to enjoy ourselves. You give us passable whisky for sixpence, and, if we want a glass of beer, you will provide it of excellent quality for twopenny.

But will you, my hosts, please tell me, as a mere outside member of the public who does not drink whisky or beer when cycling, why you should charge me ninepence for a soda-water and some lime-juice in it? The soda-water probably costs you one penny and the lime-juice under a halfpenny, so why charge poor cyclists over four times as much as you charge for a glass of beer? I suppose there are good reasons; but I would like to know what they are.

Last week I alluded to the various positions likely to be most comfortable in which to hold the feet when free-wheeling. I have never been one of the maniac enthusiasts in regard to free-wheeling. Free-wheeling came as a revelation chiefly to people who had never properly had the courage to go in for extensive coasting on a fixed gear. The very fact there is so much diversity of opinion as to the best position in which to keep the feet when free-wheeling indicates there is some disadvantage in all the positions. Let me suggest that the old-fashioned rests which you will find on fixed-gear machines should also be attached to the forks of free-wheel machines. When a long coast is before you, instead of keeping your feet in the position of "five-past-seven," or in the attitude of a stork at rest, put your toes up on the rests in the old familiar way. The comfort of this on a long coast compared with any of the free-wheel positions is wonderful.

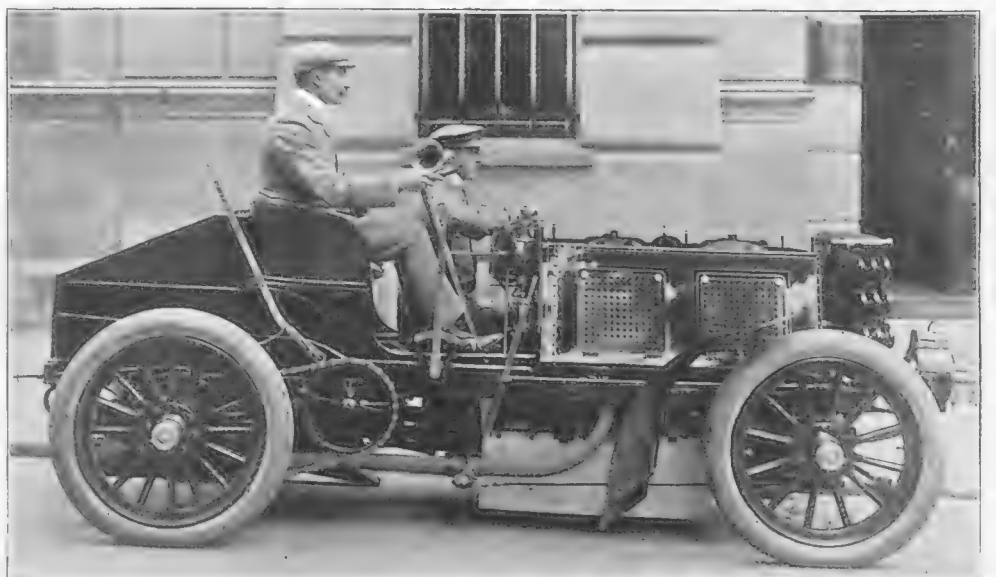
We do not hear so much now as we did last season about two-speed gears. There must be something faulty in the mechanism of the gears on the market, or the idea would have been more extensively adopted, for few better suggestions for making riding more comfortable have been put before the cycling world than the scheme of variable gears. It is all very well having one gear in a district where the roads are fairly level; but to tourists, who one day may be riding on level roads and the next be climbing hills, a gear varying, say, from sixty-five to seventy-five would be a distinct advantage.

Some time ago there was talk about the invention of an automatic working gear, which altered in proportion to the steepness of the roadway. The point was that a cyclist in riding uphill would be inclined to put more pressure on to the pedals and thus would automatically reduce the gear, whereas with little pressure being applied the gear would increase. The result would be that the automatically changing gear would, more or less, keep the physical effort about the same.

Most of us when out cycling and there has been a good wind at our backs have opened our jackets and made an impromptu sail, so as to get the advantage of the wind and be driven along. A Mr. G. T. Smith has been writing in one of the magazines about what he calls his "bicycle-yacht." This novel invention consists of a mast and sail attached to an arm projecting from the steering-head of the bicycle. By its aid, with the wind in any quarter, from dead astern to almost at right angles in one's course, great speed can be attained.

It is delightful for a party to be made up and start out on a cycle excursion. I notice, however, too much haphazard riding of such parties when on the high-roads. No position is kept among the riders, and they often go along in a bunch, to their own discomfort. Indeed, sometimes worse happens, as recently took place near Godalming, when a lady member of a party was knocked over and killed. It is much better to arrange beforehand to ride in pairs, and always to keep at a proper distance, and not continually dodge in from one friend to the other, at infinite risk to everybody.

J. F. F.



MR. S. F. EDGE DRIVING HIS BRITISH-BUILT 50 HORSE-POWER NAPIER MOTOR-CAR, WHICH STARTED IN THE PARIS TO BERLIN RACE, BUT COLLAPSED AT SEDAN.

(See "The Clubman," Page 408.)

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Plunging.*

There has been some very heavy plunging on the Turf of late, and most of the money won has gone to a smart American syndicate. The Yankees bet heavily when they know a good thing, and they seldom put their money down without taking it up again. The result of all this is that many of our bookmakers are in a bad way, and, as I have said before, they miss the money of the officers who are serving in South Africa. But, thanks to the cable, it is

above would not face the roar of Tattersall's Ring. The distance of the race might easily be lengthened or shortened to get away from the nuisance. No amount of training on Newmarket Heath will make highly strung thoroughbreds used to the bellowing of the bookies or the shrill whistle of a railway-engine. Racehorses are sensitive creatures. Indeed, so are some racegoers, and nothing is calculated to give me a severe headache quicker than an afternoon's sojourn in Tattersall's Ring on a big race-day. I wish some enterprising inventor would put on to the market a patent ear-stopper. He might, at the same time, give us a tongue-stopper, to be applied to some of the leathern-lunged layers whose hideous sounds make life unbearable at times.

*More "Dope."*

There are several trainers who are supposed to "dope" their horses, and regular racegoers know to whom I refer. No one could say for certain whether they do or do not "dope," but I have discovered one funny little fact that should be borne in mind. It is that, when certain trainers stay at home, the horses they send to the course seldom win races. Can it be that no one is present to give the animals their "running-mixture," or is it that they are simply out getting weight off? Beans are hardly good enough to transform selling-platers into good handicap performers, and I begin to fancy that something more forcible is applied to certain animals. It is a remarkable fact that many of the transformed animals look all wrong when cantering to the post. Their coats break and they are fidgety and very much on their toes. If, however, the start is long delayed, say more than twenty minutes, these horses seem to be quite themselves. I wonder the medical papers do not send representatives to the course to report on these little matters. Surely the question is of deep interest at least to the members of the Royal Veterinary College?

*Ascot.*

It will surprise many to hear that the takings on the first day of the Ascot Meeting exceeded by seven hundred pounds those of 1900. I mention this little secret because there has been so much written about the dull meeting, as though it were a failure. The attendance on the Wednesday and on the Friday was, I am almost sure, above the average, and there was a big crowd on the Gold Cup Day. If all goes well, all records will be eclipsed next year.

*The Fruit Cure.*

My pet theory of the fruit cure which I have preached for many years has caught on wonderfully of late, and now the old whisky-topers and claret-cup imbibers are to be seen daily on the racecourse enjoying their strawberries, cherries, and grapes to the exclusion of the wine that is strong. This being thus, it behoves Clerks of Courses to ensure a plentiful supply of good, wholesome fruit at a cheap price. I am certain business can be done more profitably on fruit than on a too-plentiful dose of cheap champagne or doubtful claret. The speculator who works on strawberries, cherries, grapes, and an occasional tomato will back more winners and do his work under more charming conditions generally than the "everlasting nipper," to use a racecourse phrase. He does not plunge for the sake of gambling. Yet his nerve is strong enough to allow him to plank it down when he thinks his information is of the right sort. CAPTAIN COE.



LIEUTENANT C. V. FOX, ONE OF THE FAVOURITES FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

possible to keep in touch with the military gents, and agents are at work in South Africa at the present time laying and backing horses daily for races run on English racecourses. I am afraid that big plunging is not any good to racing as a sport, and twice recently I have heard of a plunger who turned layer and peppered a horse, and in each case the horse was left at the post. It is a very funny turn of circumstances, to say the least, and I should not be surprised if we heard of one or two jockeys having their licences withdrawn before the season has advanced much further.

*Newmarket July Meetings.*

I know of no pleasanter fixtures than those held behind the Ditch at Newmarket. The course reminds one of a miniature Goodwood. The going is always of the best, and the sport, generally speaking, is tip-top. The seats on the opposite side of the course, when occupied by Royalty, are a big attraction, but, unfortunately, this week we have no Royal personages present. The chief race of the First July week will, of course, be the Princess of Wales's Stakes of £10,000, to be decided on Thursday. I hope to see His Majesty's horse, Diamond Jubilee, successful, but he has not been tried this year, and I should have liked his chance all the better if he had been given a run at Ascot, for, in my opinion, horses of doubtful temper should be worked in public as often as possible. Flambard may run well, and it is expected that Sailor Lad will, at any rate, get a place, but the real danger to Diamond Jubilee will, I think, be Sidus, who is owned by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The horse has been doing well under Blackwell's charge, but has not been seen out since the Ascot Meeting of last year, when, after galloping two miles before the start for the St. James's Palace Stakes, he finished second to Bonarosa.

*Starting.*

We often see on the race-cards under certain races, "To start at the Stand." Many of the races at Ascot, for instance, are started near the Stands. I contend this should not be, for bad-tempered horses like Strongbow and Scintillant wear themselves right out before they are got fairly into line. It took twenty minutes to send the horses off for the Ascot Stakes, simply because the two animals named



HENLEY-ON-THAMES, FROM THE MAIDENHEAD ROAD.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THAT rapturous uplifting of spirit which hunting-men will own to when a certain date approaches in the calendar is shared to the last thrill by the enthusiastic bargain-hunting female as January and July come the way of all months and once more mark time for the expectant seeker after millinery treasure-trove. To go "saleing" in Bond or Regent Street during these mornings of sacrifices and remnants

for a nimble 69s. 6d., becoming accordion-pleated silk blouses with real lace yokes for twenty-one shillings, dainty picture-hats for road or river at half-a-guinea, useful golf-capes wherewith to face autumn afternoons in the Highlands, or the most elaborate versions of theatre-cloaks proportionately reduced in scale of price. Dressing-gowns, tea-gowns, and those delicate intricacies of lingerie in which the dainty damsel delights may be annexed at prices surprisingly low, while thrifty mothers may, moreover, outfit their progeny to the last string or button at equally depressed figures. For all-round bargains, in a word, Peter Robinson's sale offers an exceptional opportunity.

The Stafford House Lifeboat Fund Fête was not, as some of the loquacious dailies would have it, "superlatively smart," nor, on the other hand, was it "distinctly democratic," according to the alliterative scribe of an evening halfpenny journal. It was, first of all, a financial success, and that, I take it, was fulfilling its great intention. Also, it was an amusing hotch-potch of what Mr. Silas Wegg would define as "the human various," but that was expected and suffered gracefully if not gladly by the good and charitable Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who have now and in the past done so much to help the deserving. Though this great Fête is treated in "Small Talk," I may be permitted to add a few notes. The Duchess of Sutherland, wearing white with splendid diamonds, beamed on the company after the dinner-party to which a few friends had been bidden. Pretty little Lady Cromartie, also in white, was much admired. The Duchess of Devonshire was there in black and many



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A DAINTY BLUE-AND-WHITE MUSLIN.

is, in fact, to reach giddy heights of bliss quite unknown and uncomprehended of the merely masculine mind, which knows not soft dalliance with ribbon remnants nor reck the dear joys of cheapened parasols. I see, by the way, that Peter Robinson, in common with most other notable tradesmen, has begun these half-yearly saturnalia both at his Regent and Oxford Street shops. At the former place, bargains in piece silks and stuffs abound, some charming striped silks being offered at 1s. 11½d. per yard whose ordinary value the catalogue assures us is 3s. 6d. Those pretty satin foulards which we all took to our hearts and persons with avidity when they first came out are also in greatly cheapened evidence—from 1s. 3½d. a yard, to wit—while quantities of "unmade-ropes" in dainty white muslins, black muslins with white spots and sprigs, and others, are to be seen. Those who hanker after model mantles at half-price can now fill their souls with joy and drape their forms with greatly cheapened glories of the sort. Opera-mantles, furs, and evening-gowns are also amongst the profitable purchases that can be viewed at Regent Street, while at Peter Robinson's Oxford Street shop Solomon in all his glory might have arrayed his uncountable wives in the numberless fetching garments which tempt the feminine eye on every side. Here are elaborate foulard silk costumes



[Copyright.]

GOWN OF WHITE CAMBRIC TUCKED AND TRIMMED WITH INSERTION.

diamonds; it used to be said of her that she was the handsomest German woman of her day when, as Fräulein von Alten, she "married into the Manchesters." Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox wore a white Empire-gown which became her well, and the Duchesses of Portland and Marlborough were also amongst the young and charming leaders of

Society who gave the two-guinea guests an opportunity of exploring "Debrett" in person. Lady Hood, always picturesque, wore her Russian-shaped tiara with great effect, and Lady Garvagh's small diamond crown was very becoming, while, as a change from the inevitable diamond collar and tiara of the well-bestowed, was Lady Annesley's simple wreath of mauve flowers. Amongst the smart set, black-and-white was the rule where frocks were concerned, while amongst the "remainder" colours led on through various gradations of brilliancy. The pure white costumes looked best.

Only second in social importance to this great event of Wednesday was the Earl's Court Fête, held in the Imperial Court of the Exhibition on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for the purpose of bringing in funds to aid the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, of which Lord Arthur Hill is the indefatigable Chairman. Every county had its representative stall and groups of ardently interested workers, while flocks of charitably minded purchasers bought with avidity the paintings, metal-work, embroidery, and other attractive home-manufactures which had been brought into being by loyal hands in aid of this great national charity. The one hundred and ten Coldstream men, in their picturesque white fatigue-jackets, rendered yeomen service at the stalls, though many were asking why the Admiralty had not for once risen to the occasion and sent an equal number of "Handy Men" to help their brothers-in-arms.

But, largely speaking, Society is girding up—the modern equivalent for a Scriptural designation and seeking fresh fields even already.

This reminds one that a quite capital soap to take abroad to soapless foreign parts is Cook's "Savon de Luxe," which is delicately perfumed, made of excellent ingredients, and does not waste if accidentally left in either hot or cold water. Cook's "Riviera" superfatted soap is also something to know of. Either can be had of any first-class grocer or chemist, and the travelling public cannot too soon realise that "The Soap Specialists," as these enterprising men of Bow like to be called, are makers of absolutely pure hygienic soaps at prices absolutely popular.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JUNGFRAU (Heidelberg).—If you are coming to settle in London and want to furnish over here, you will find Maple, of Tottenham Court Road, very satisfactory general house-furnishers, and by no means expensive. SYBIL.

Harwich-Antwerp Route to the Continent.—The Great Eastern Railway Company have ordered a new twin-screw steamer for their Harwich-Antwerp route. She will be similar to the *Colchester* now running on this service, but with improved saloon accommodation for passengers, and is being built by Messrs. Gourlay Brothers and Co., of



SKETCHED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE FESTIVAL (AT WHICH £23,020 WAS SUBSCRIBED).

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

Lady Aberdeen's doll-stall did a thriving trade; Lady Beattie dispensed literary wares; Lady Rothschild, at the Buckinghamshire stall, offered delicious-looking dairy produce; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein bartered beauties of cats for coin of the realm, and Lady Norbury did likewise with dogs, which were in great request. Lady Penn Symons sold sweets, Lady Lonsdale photographs and frames. Mrs. Cornwallis-West had a fascinating collection of parasols, and Lady Morley helped Lady Clinton with flowers and fruit. One of the quite particularly interesting stalls was presided over by Princess Frederica of Hanover, who sold toys made by Boer prisoners. Lady Fandel-Phillips had curiosities from her husband's warehouse, and a good deal of interest was manifested in the curious old Welsh furniture which Lady Mostyn exhibited at the Flintshire Stall. The Duchess of Wellington sold pictures painted in Hampshire, and Lady Arthur Hill's Irish lace had many appreciative purchasers. Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim worked hard at the African Stall, and, altogether, the crowd and crush were so promisingly great that one expects to hear of the most brilliant financial results. Mr. Brodrick, who, as Secretary of State for War, opened the Sale on Friday, purchased actively, and Admiral Fremantle, who performed a similar service on Saturday, upheld the open-handed traditions of the Navy in the most time-honoured manner.

The annual pack-up and scurry holidaywards will begin this year even earlier than usual, seeing that prolonged mourning and a consequent lack of entertainments make town more like August than July. Some of the sporting set will sit the Season out until the 19th doubtless, just as those of aquatic instincts will wait over Henley, while the cricketing contingent will see their hopefuls play at Lord's or die in the attempt.

Dundee, who are also constructing a new cargo-steamer for the Harwich-Rotterdam service.

An exquisite photogravure of "The Two Crowns," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., is issued by the Fine Art Publishers, Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Clare Street, Bristol. The original occupied the place of honour in last year's Royal Academy, and was purchased for the nation (out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund) for £2000.

The Midland Railway have started an improved service of express trains between St. Pancras and Buxton. There will be eight express trains in each direction, including a new express, the "Empire," leaving St. Pancras at 2.10 p.m., performing the journey in 3 hr. 52 min. The latter train will, with one exception—namely, the 4.55 out of St. Pancras—be the fastest express between London and Buxton. Dining-cars will be attached to the 4.55 p.m. train and to the return express due at St. Pancras at 2.55 p.m., which will be available for passengers as between Miller's Dale and London.

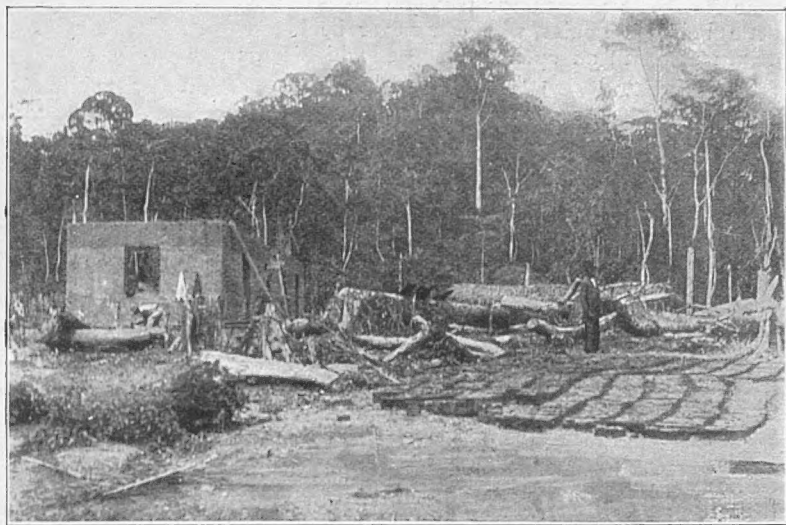
The Great Northern Railway Company inform us that, in addition to the important alterations already announced in connection with their summer trains, the service to Yorkshire will, from July 1, be considerably improved. The luncheon- and dining-car expresses now leaving London (King's Cross) for Leeds at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m. will be accelerated to reach Leeds at 1.24 p.m. and 9.35 p.m. respectively, whilst the 1.30 p.m. from London (King's Cross) now due to arrive at 5.22 p.m. will reach there at 5.7 p.m. A new express will be timed to leave Leeds (Central) at 2 p.m., calling at Wakefield (Westgate) and Grantham, and reaching London (King's Cross) at 5.35 p.m.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 12.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

"THIS promises to be the dullest Account of the year," remarked a large broker to us one day in the week, and, judging by the orders we saw on his table, there was reason in the remark. The Stock Exchange appears to have settled down to a sort of dull apathy, the War hopes have fizzled out, nobody seems to see the end of the London and Globe complications, Yankee bank failures damp the



HOUSE-BUILDING OPERATIONS AT KIBBI: BRICKS DRYING IN THE SUN.

market, and the Jungle can hardly raise a canter, while even Argentine Rails have gone in for rate-cutting. Very often when things appear to be in this condition the investor's opportunity is to be found, and we should not be at all surprised to see matters quite lively by the end of July.

As to the London and Globe, everybody on the Stock Exchange regrets now that the petitions were not pressed and a compulsory liquidation insisted upon. The creditors were deceived by the old red-herring of a reconstruction which was cleverly trailed by the fertile Mr. Whitaker Wright. Perhaps the Official Receiver, who has got the Standard Exploration and the British America Corporation in his hands, may be able to throw a little daylight on the Globe case; but the adjustment of Mr. Whitaker Wright's accounts with the company by cross-entries and other like matters are causing considerable irritation, with, as far as we can see, little hope of redress. If one of the large creditors would boldly take the bull by the horns and appeal to Mr. Justice Wright for a compulsory order, it might not be quite such a forlorn hope as at first sight it looks.

We hear that the drop in Le Rois was caused by the closing of a bull account which the brokers of a well-known City man were afraid to carry over. The prospects of the mine are said to be extraordinary.

There has been some gossip about a big salt combination with the Yankees, and we are told that certain overtures in this direction have been made from the other side of the Atlantic; but, so far from anything definite having been agreed to, the suggestions put forward are not likely to prove acceptable. It is far more probable that a working arrangement will in the end be carried out rather than any closer form of union. Meanwhile, there is reason to think that the arrangements among the English producers for the maintenance of prices are in a more satisfactory condition than they have been for many years.

By the kindness of the Goldfields of Eastern Akim, we are able to reproduce two West Coast photographs, the first showing the progress of building operations at Kibbi, which is the company's headquarters, and the second illustrating the clearing of the forest during the road-making operations which the company has undertaken from San-Sami to the interior.

## ENGLISH RAILS.

The market continues very dull on the unfavourable estimates which all the competent critics have formed as to the July dividends. Last week we dealt with the principal Southern lines, and in the present "Note" we will endeavour to continue the tale, and apply the same method to the remaining roads, or, at least, the most important of them.

Let us begin with the Great Northern. The traffic decrease is about £67,000, but, allowing for under-publication and sweepings, we may well be considered optimistic if we say that the decrease will come out for the half-year at £30,000—it will more likely be £40,000. The least addition to the expenses which it would be reasonable to forecast is £80,000, to which must be added £25,000 for interest on new Preference stock, and other capital charges. This means a decrease of £135,000 in the balance available, and the dividend on the Preferred Ordinary must be reduced from the full 4 per cent. to 2 per cent. or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The Great Eastern, like the majority of the passenger roads, is able to show an increase in gross traffics. For the half-year it will probably amount to £40,000, but, bearing in mind what has happened to the expenses in the two previous half-years, we cannot put down the increase

in working cost at less than £100,000, and the increased capital charges may be taken at £10,000, which, with the diminished balance forward, means that there will be a reduction of from £70,000 to £80,000 in the amount available for distribution, and the dividend should therefore be from 1 per cent. to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., instead of 2 per cent., as last year.

The London and North-Western has a published decrease of £131,000, which, allowing for under-publication, may be roughly reduced to £60,000 for the half-year. The expenses cannot be up by less than £240,000, while the increased capital charges, including dividend on new Ordinary stock, may be £25,000. In other words, we expect the balance available for dividend to be £325,000 less than last year, which would mean a reduction of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or a distribution of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  against 6 per cent. for the corresponding period of 1900.

The Midland Company has the largest published decrease, namely, £147,000, but, allowing for under-publication at the same rate as on previous occasions, this may be reduced to, say, £90,000; the coal-bill is sure to be up by at least a like amount, and the various additions in other expenses will probably increase the working cost by £220,000—in all, say, therefore, a net decrease of from £300,000 to £310,000, to which must be added an additional £20,000 for capital charges, leaving the balance at the Directors' disposal short by £330,000, which means a reduction of from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in the distribution, so that, instead of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., the most the proprietors can expect is 4 per cent.; but we think  $3\frac{3}{4}$  quite as likely a figure.

The North-Eastern has not suffered as badly as some of its neighbours, but its traffic-decrease, according to the weekly returns, is £57,000, and this can hardly be reduced to less than a round £30,000, unless larger mistakes than usual have been made. This road will not have so great an increase in its coal-bill as the other Heavy lines, but we do not see how the expenses can come out at less than £120,000 more than last year. Add to this £20,000 for increased capital charges and interest on new Ordinary stock, and we have £170,000 less available for distribution, which is equal to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for the half-year, so that the dividend should come out at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  instead of  $5\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.

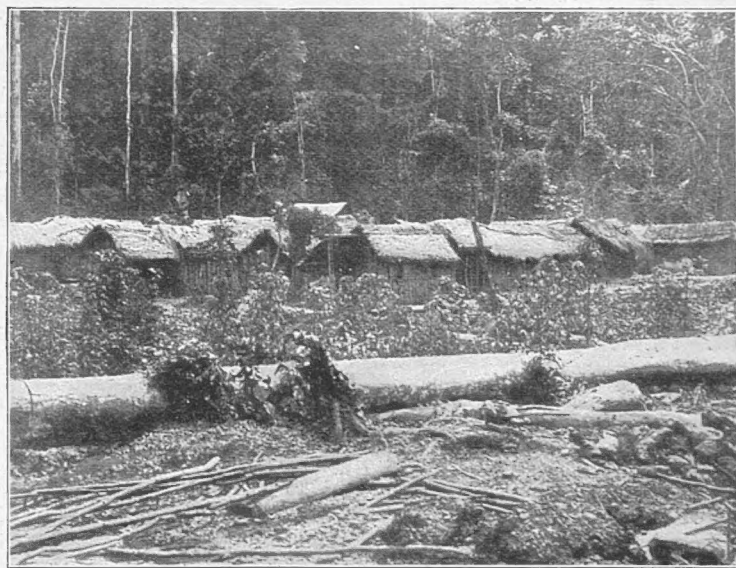
We have not space to enter into detailed figures as to the Great Central, but it is practically certain that the 1872 Preference will get nothing, and one or two of the stocks ranking ahead of it must also default. There are complications as to the exact rights and priorities of some of these, so that it is not easy to do more than say that one, if not two, at least of the Cumulative Preference stocks will fall into arrear.

The Metropolitan will probably distribute  $2\frac{1}{4}$ , or, at the outside,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , per cent., while the District, which managed to distribute  $3\frac{1}{2}$  on its Extension Preference in 1900, cannot possibly hope to pay anything this time. Hull and Barnsley Ordinary, as far as we can see, will get nothing, but, probably alone among the larger English Railways, the Tilbury Company may maintain its last year's distribution.

## THE GOLD OF EGYPT.

We have referred on one if not two previous occasions to the chance of Egypt becoming a gold-producing country, and those of our readers who are interested in the matter might do worse than read the letter by a very well-informed correspondent on this subject which appeared in *The Sketch* on June 27, 1900.

A company, called the Egyptian Mining Exploration, was formed last year with a capital of £250,000, the working capital of which was subscribed privately, while on the Board were some names very well known



CLEARING FOR ROAD FROM SAN-SAMI TO APEDWA BUILT BY GOLDFIELDS OF EASTERN AKIM.

in the City, Mr. Herbert Chamberlain being the Chairman. Mr. Charles John Alford had, in the winter of 1899, devoted considerable time to the exploration of Egypt, and, upon the company being formed, he accepted the position of Superintendent Engineer. Work has been vigorously carried on at certain points in the ten thousand square-miles of country comprised in the concession.

It was supposed by many that there would be considerable difficulty

in obtaining an efficient water-supply, and one of the first pieces of work undertaken was the opening-up of wells at different points. This work has turned out most satisfactorily. Practically, the water question is now solved, as in every case the wells have been successful and give ample supplies of water. Efficient labour can be procured in almost unlimited quantities at about one shilling per diem. The Arabs, so far from giving trouble, have been only too glad to take employment under the company. As far as we know, all the expectations held out by Mr. Alford in his report have been more than justified.

At Um Roos, a field extending at the present time to about four square-miles of country has been fairly well prospected, and a large series of reefs has been found. Shafts have been sunk, some of them as deep as 150 feet, and a series of drives and cross-cuts at one point is exposing a fine body of ore, which, it is believed, will average about 2 oz. to the ton. A great number of assays have been taken at Um Roos, and some of them run as high as 10 oz. At Fatira it is expected that important workings will be established in the autumn, and the prospects are said to be encouraging. At Debach, another goldfield, some good reefs have been found, whilst a very large amount of exploration has been going on in connection with the phosphate deposits, which stretch in an almost unbroken series for about seventy miles down the coast of the Red Sea. These phosphate deposits are some twelve feet thick, and appear to be in quality equal to the Algerian and Tunisian phosphates. They are close to the sea, and, as there are plenty of passable harbours on the coast, they should be a valuable asset.

It is not surprising that the shares of the pioneer company are quoted at 2½ to 2¾, and we hear of considerable dealings in them.

In addition to the concession being worked by the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, which has led the way in the quest for Egyptian gold, other concessions have been granted, one to Messrs. Streeter, one to a Scotch syndicate, and a third in which it is said that Messrs. John Taylor and Sons have interested themselves, whilst the original group, which formed the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, has acquired an extensive concession in the Soudan, where, it is rumoured, large ancient workings have been discovered. There seems, unless the sanguine hopes of Mr. Alford and others are doomed to disappointment, very little doubt that within a few years Egypt will be turning out quite a respectable quantity of gold. In the time of the Romans, according to tradition, Egypt was the largest gold-producing country in the world. She will probably never recover such an exalted position, but may yet make a very respectable addition to our supplies, and that, too, within a reasonable time.

#### VARIOUS INDUSTRIALS.

We have on many occasions pointed out the danger of dabbling in Allsopps, upon the ground that no one except the Directors knew the real position, and the report fully justifies our warnings. The more the market looks at it, the less satisfactory does the state of the company's affairs appear, and, drastic as the proposal of the Board to write down the assets by £1,665,000 appears, it is very doubtful if the true value will even then have been reached.

Among the successful Industrial undertakings whose shares of late have been generally neglected may be mentioned Mellin's Food, whose report is pleasant reading. Despite the disorganisation of the South African portion of the business, the profits show an increase, and, with the proposed introduction of Mellin's Food Chocolate and other like articles, still further improvement may be expected. The net profit of £27,000 for 1900 is enough to pay the Preference dividend four and a-half times over, so that holders need have no anxiety as to their income.

An amusing feature of the Welsbach meeting was the clever way in which Sir Henry Burdett managed, by abusing the promoters for over-capitalisation and the Stock Exchange for all sorts of undefined wickedness, to capture the at first irate shareholders, so that those who came to curse remained to bless, and in the end he got a Consultative Committee of his own nominees. The idea of Sir Henry Burdett (who appeared on the Prospectus as the Chairman of the Board) complaining of the over-capitalisation of the concern is really too funny! Any stuff seems good enough for shareholders in these days.

Saturday, June 29, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

RAILWAY.—"Under-publication of traffics" means that the weekly returns are below the real figures when the half-yearly balance-sheet comes to be made out. The reasons for this we have not room to explain, but the error is always larger in the "Heavy" lines than in those whose chief business is purely passenger.

A. W. B.—In Natal you ought to be able to judge of the peace prospects far better than we can. We would rather buy such shares as Rand Victoria, or even Bechuanaland Exploration, but, surely, on the spot you can get far more reliable information than we can.

Wicklow.—(1) Both are trade risks, and the second company is certainly more speculative, by reason of its class of business, than the first. When shares yield 10 or 12 per cent., they cannot be called "safe investments." (2) The Jungle Company is among the best of its class, but certainly a gamble, while the Brazilian one is more of a mining investment, and, of its kind, promising.

The proprietors of the *Architect and Contract Reporter* have formed their business into a limited liability company. The share capital is £30,000. There will be no issue of shares to the public, the whole of the capital having been fully paid-up previous to registration. The firm will be carried on under the name of the present proprietors, Gilbert Wood and Co., Limited.

#### NOTES FROM BERLIN.

##### The German Emperor.

His Imperial Majesty has now been some while away from Berlin (writes my Correspondent in that city). The last great function he was present at here was the already-described unveiling of Prince Bismarck's statue (photographed in last week's *Sketch*), for the making of which monument the celebrated sculptor, Begas, received no less than £2500. Shortly before he left Berlin, I saw him driving rapidly along the Unter den Linden—so rapidly, indeed, that no one had an opportunity of greeting him. His Majesty always drives at a tremendous pace: he seems to be constantly endeavouring to cram more into the day than there is really time for. His passion for fast driving is shared by his only daughter, little Princess Louisa, who can never be better pleased than by being driven along in an open carriage at whirlwind pace.

##### Prince Adalbert.

His Majesty is, it is reported, disappointed at Prince Adalbert's aversion to the sea—or rather, to the effects of his being on the sea. The poor boy has been so terribly sea-sick that the Emperor is seriously considering the advisability of putting him into the Army and trying one of his younger sons as a sailor.

##### Kaiser Gossip.

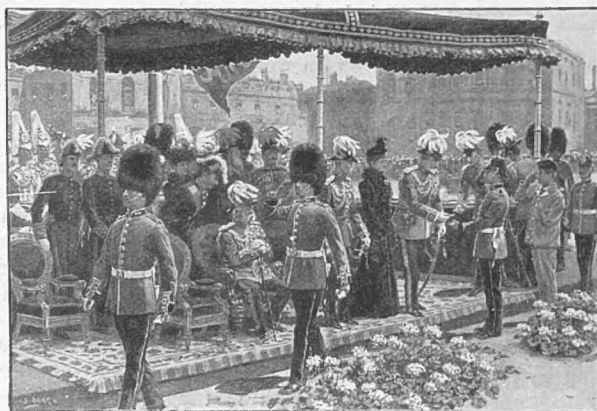
A most curious rumour is being circulated here, to the effect that the German Emperor desires the Director of the Hamburg-America Line to give up his present work to become a Minister. It is even alleged that, on Herr Ballin answering that he was a Jew, and, too, a Jew by conviction, His Majesty replied that that could be easily altered. This is undoubtedly an absolutely wrong and mistaken version. The Kaiser, who possesses a great amount of kindly tact, would be the last person in the world so needlessly to wound the susceptibilities of a strict Jew. It is, moreover, hardly likely that a person who has such a very exceptionally high position in the mercantile world would be willing to abandon his work and his sphere of influence merely to become a Minister. As has been already hinted in the German Press, there are very many Ministers, but there can be only one Director of the ever-increasing Hamburg-America Steamship Line.

##### English Engineers in Berlin.

The chief Berlin event of importance last week was the long-promised visit of the members of the Institute of Engineers to the various electrical institutions and stations in Berlin. On the Monday there was a most interesting meeting in the General Electrical Company's council-room, when practical demonstrations were made with the Nernst lamp; after that, the visitors were driven all over Berlin in cabs by their hosts, the heads of the General Electrical Company and of the firm of Siemens and Halske. In the evening a reception was held at the Fire Brigade Exhibition.

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(With Key.)

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